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Pleasures and perils of the new promiscuity  
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AUGUST 1971

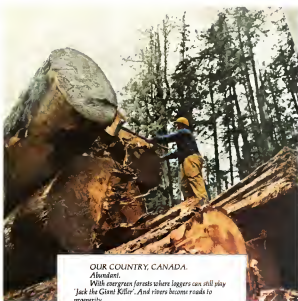
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AUGUST 1971/VOL. 84/NO. 8

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## THE VIEW FROM HERE

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

There was something particularly distasteful about the fact that in the ugly deception that led to the United States escalation of the Vietnam war — as revealed to the world by the New York Times earlier this summer — Canada's role was to act as an American messenger boy. The President's dispatch of J. Elliot Sells, then our representative on the International Control Commission, to carry out threats of bombing raids in North Vietnam, even though we were supposed to be neutrals, was up to one telling innocent just how seriously the Americans regard our valuably "independent" posture in foreign affairs.

The really disturbing aspect of this whole sad charade is that this week later, after some more years of horror in Vietnam and much agonized soul-searching by the Americans themselves, Mitchell Sharp, our Secretary of State for External Affairs, could still discuss Opposition attacks on the revelation of Sells's mission by blandly stating on that Canada had acted "in good faith." In the moment he uttered that phrase, Sharp defined perfectly the old-fashioned mandarin mind, one of the very last models which he will determinedly use to set the pattern of our foreign relations. This mentality, formed in the Thirties and Forties, continues to dominate both the ideology and techniques of certain government departments, particularly External Affairs. It's an approach that reflects a colonial attitude which, when it recognizes that it's being "in good faith," is really acting out of obedience and little more. Dearest seat, dead from the neck down, deeply attracted to the British tradition of modelling thought, these old-fashioned mandarins (and there are exceptions) tend to view life as an intellectual juggling exercise. Schematizing grand maneuvers for compromise, light as both lost and ready to wave in any direction, they believe that the duty of the responsible public man is to exercise restraining influence on on-inkling.

These ambassadors of good faith have lately tried to recognize the changes in Canadian society. We are no longer, as they would have us be, neutral, aloof and dull. The image they have projected to the world is a delusion. Our involvement in the Vietnam war came about, not as a result of "good faith" but of blind self-deception. While we can't be neutral without becoming creaks, we can be fiercely independent without becoming anti-American. In foreign affairs Canada should be clear-headed, adventurous and occasionally, not amiable and subservient.

It is, after all, our external relations that help define the image of ourselves, and if that image is always to be weak and accommodating, if we can never find some independent way to express our view of the world, then we have little future as an independent country — all the declarations of "good faith" by legations of stooped-shouldered mandarins notwithstanding. ■

THE  
PERILS  
OF  
DIPLOMACY  
BY  
GOOD  
FAITH

# THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA BY STEVEN LANGDON

The most memorable summer job I ever had was packing thousands of little diesel pins in the storage room of a small Ontario metal factory. There were garages on the walls, and I had enough bats behind and between gears that summer to satisfy forever any taste for pleasured sex. It was a job done only for the money. The kind of job you think of as a great experience — after the fact.

That kind of job is what student employment in the summer has always been about: filling in the unskilled margins of the labor force during the peak production period, working solely for the money to be able to return to school, using none of the skills you've learned in the classroom, providing no real service to the community whose taxes support the schools. The worst thing about it was that there were very few alternatives.

Maybe it was the memory of that job, and other summer jobs like it, that made me so excited about the Opportunities For Youth program when it was announced last spring. Ottawa was saying to young people that it would give them an opportunity to do things that weren't being done — community service projects, creative cultural projects, and so on — *idee, what's new*, under their own supervision. With only 324.3 million, Opportunities For Youth wasn't going to solve the problem of student unemployment (at \$200 a job it could employ fewer than 33,000 of the country's 900,000 students) but it would channel a lot of student energy into, as Chairman Mao put it in one of his more admirable ditties, "turning the people."

My excitement, however, has faded. In the past few weeks I've heard students quit the program "an incredible 100-odd," as the *Ottawa Citizen* has proudly put on its "A" sheet of news complaints of a grant application submitted in mid-April on which he'd had no word at the end of June. Opposition members of Parliament have raised one horror story after another of bureaucratic unresponsiveness, confusion and ineffectiveness. So devastating has been the criticism that the question now would seem to be whether a creative idea is going to die at birth because of the ineptness of government officials. What was wrong?

In the beginning, there was an interdepartmental committee to discuss ways of meeting an expected student unemployment surge this summer. Its deliberations began later than they should have, and they proved difficult. Last summer's attempt at make-work for students in the public service failed badly (no offense shared by the government and the students), and the committee was anxious to develop something new. But it couldn't agree up with anything more than a series of options, each with a different price tag, which it finally presented to Cabinet. "The committee served the

Cabinet poorly," admits one senior official. "We didn't come up with a recommendation on which option we felt the government should select."

One of the committee's suggestions was that the government develop what it called "incentive programs" — grants under various departments for which students could apply to undertake projects they would plan themselves. This was the concept Secretary of State Oliver Pelletier eventually took up and expanded. However, the committee's proposal called for five million dollars in such grants to be administered by various departments. The Cabinet created a single program and gave it less \$15 million, then \$25 million. The Cabinet was very slow in making up its mind. The result: In March officials suddenly learned they had a new program to run the summer — without any existing machinery with which to run it. "Considering we started from nothing," says one official, "Opportunities For Youth has done a remarkable job."

The vast array of approved projects would include religious, creative and sporting enterprises. Old people, mental patients, prison inmates, the poor, the disabled, ethnic and racial minorities are all going to be better off as a result of projects that the government accepted. The environment will be less polluted. *Specified?* In Halifax, a \$60,000 grant supports students doing major home repairs for the city or disabled. A \$20,000 grant is paying students to make hiking trails in Newfoundland. In Quebec City, there's a maintenance program for low-income children this summer, thanks to a \$10,000 grant. In Ottawa, students are designing a low-cost, three, roadside camp. A children's participating program, based in Winnipeg, will take rural Minnibito this summer. A grant of \$8,900 will finance a Slavic studies project in Saskatoon. In Edmonton, seven technical school students will help train the staff at new housing techniques. In Vancouver, 24 agriculture, engineering and biology students are teaching rural living skills to youths in nearby communities. An \$11,100 grant finances a maintenance program for 2,000 Indian children in northern BC.



All good projects. And there are many more. But will Opportunities For Youth get another chance? Pelletier has told me he will not sure. He wants a careful evaluation of the summer's experience before a decision is made. "My personal proposal is that we have experts from inside and people from my department combine to judge the program. That way we'll get a valid view of how much communities gained and of the quality of management." But the minister will submit to opposition about the program's survival — because, in the first place, the shortage of summer jobs for students is apparently here to stay; and because, in the second place, the minister's youth commission is proposing that the government launch a similar program on a year-round basis.

I hope Pelletier is right. I hope Opportunities For Youth survives. A decentralized administrative system, more advance planning and the experience the staff has picked up in operating the program this summer — all this should result in the bureaucratic chaos that has plagued Opportunities For Youth since its inception. And it's vital. I think that young people should have community-oriented options as the area of summer employment. There ought to be some alternative, after all, to the cheap promise of picking downed pins.

Steven Langdon is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.

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## THE VIEW FROM NEW YORK ON THE FA BY TOM BUTSON

The major facts of life in Sonnyville, a working-class section of New York City, are first necessarily in order of importance: the Sonnyville railway marshalling yards, often called the world's largest; the four sprawling Citiway supermarkets operated by New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral; and drugs. Until recently only the railways and the grocery stores attracted the press. Then, one Sunday morning, workers at a local hospital, answering a mysterious telephone warning, rushed to the building's front steps. There they found slumped a 22-year-old man and his pregnant 16-year-old girl friend, who, although she wore a wedding band, was unmarried. Both were dead of cocaine overdose.

New Yorkers, who managed to remain blind in the face of 3,000 annual fatalities in the city last year, were stricken by the girl's death. For, just three weeks before, one of her brothers had been found dead, also of a cocaine overdose. And another brother was in prison having recovered from a nearly fatal overdose of heroin. With the revelation of the family's destruction, Sonnyville's largely Irish, Polish and Italian population (which to the true dimensions of its corruption problems) had that it wasn't apparition riding to the police and social workers who had been struggling for as long as three years to combat the seductions of heroin, signs, and to be better, but also in all sorts of pills, syringes, shot, even cough syrup.

Since the Sonnyville tragedy, the entire United States including President N is a s household, has begun to see the seriousness of the narcotics cancer that threatens America. An American news magazine recently described the drug problem as "public enemy number one."

Most white Americans, until very recently, thought of drug addiction as a problem you found in the slums of Harlem — an urban waste, a New York City problem (there are estimated to be anywhere from 100,000 to 250,000 addicts in New York) and more than that, a black problem. But following the massacre of seven young Detroiters in what appears to have been a little over the night to public narcotics in a Detroit auto, police in that environmentally and socially decrepit city revealed that at least two more other people, including several whites, had died in earlier, similar circumstances. "Heroin" had come to the Motor City and to white Middle America with a vengeance.

Newsmen and Congressmen on visits to Vietnam had encountered more lost sons. Many, grown in the outskirts of nearby Laos, was as cheap and as available in South Vietnam. But less of thousands of young American soldiers, upon entry of their white, who might not initially have ever come in contact with the drug, were now hopeless addicts. Taking note of this "national emergency" President Nixon has

asked Congress for \$155 million for an anti-drug campaign and for bonded powers to keep the addicted soldiers in isolation until they can be treated.

The President has stressed that drug addiction is not an American phenomenon, nor is the source of the pain within America's power to control. He has in mind the Middle East, where almost all of America's heroin originates. There, in Iran, although narcotics smugglers are caught with brutal regularity, the steady trade goes on. There too, in Turkey, the legitimate (if such a word can fit) be used in this connection) cultivation of opium poppies feeds the illegal markets in France and the western Mediterranean, which is torn fatal judgments of dope through the underworld into North America. "It is clear," Maine said, "that the only really effective way to end heroin production is to end opium production and the growing of poppies." He suggested that synthetic drugs would have to be developed so that there would be no impetus to grow opium to supply its derivatives, morphine and heroine, for their acknowledged medicinal purposes.

But is that really the answer? Is an effort to suppress heroin addiction, considerable research has been carried out with substitute drugs. The idea is that the substitute would be cheap and would not have the same harmful effects as heroin. But to obtain, easy to control and non-discriminatory, they would at a stroke eliminate the crime that is the bedevilment of addiction, they would eliminate the social waste of human souls that is so obvious in the mean-city streets of the public production that are the dark-domains (rehabilitation of much of modern Manhattan) and they would eliminate the health hazard that pervades the abominably filthy "booming ghettos" of Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn and who knows where else in America.

A great deal of hope has been based on the research with methadone. As heroin was developed years ago as a substitute for morphine, so methadone, so methadone is being turned over more widely as a substitute for heroin. The only trouble is that in some cases, who have had methadone made available to them relatively freely, have found that supplies and exchanged them either for heroin or for money to buy heroin. In fact, purges using this drug methadone, in their craving for an ever more expensive "high," have begun to use bigger and bigger doses of the drug. The girl from Sonnyville, whose beautiful steps in Sonnyville had been a warning, died not from an overdose of heroin but from an overdose of methadone.

What, then, is the answer? How to come to terms with the seriousness of the drug problem, which in the United States alone costs up to two billion dollars every year, and so much of the toll in human life and dignity? The need for a solution is urgent — and not only in America. Canada cannot let its law police the Vancouver game and at roughly by saying that is not our problem. But what are we to do? Set up free drug clinics? Confine to psychiatric drug users? Develop a society stop permanently? As President Nixon has said, the peril is worldwide and it matters not so much how the drug problem is solved but how soon. ■

Tom Butson is an assistant editor of the New York Times.

## THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC BY CLAUDE LEMELIN

Nobody seemed to care. The indifference was unusual. Yet, the Quebecois' knowledge was deep in the party was not dragged on as if the party did not have a future. The slogans were strikingly true: "Loubier the Key" (the key to what was never made clear), "Monsieur le Ministre," "Rassemblez les Pouvoirs" (It was all very colorful — shooting pink for Loubier, stars for Berland, all sorts of things, for Maine — and so on).

"L'Union Nationale" (the theme of the convention, if one can call it that), reminded one of that silly French belief that countless American congressmen kept disappearing for decades after Edith Piaf made it popular. Remember "C'est la France" and "Les Femmes Américaines"?

The indifference was not only a social sensation. Toward the end, one candidate bitterly complained about the neglect of the press, and, incidentally, it became a morning habit for every journalist to throw aspersions into the newspaper's back at the time propaganda mailed from Berland's headquarters as the St. Lawrence. To keep it all, the convention was held the very weekend that Canada's first minister emerged from the Vietnam conference with that ill-revering constitutional shame. Poor Union Nationale: color her blue, as Croix-Blanche would say.

Aside all the past, it is difficult to bear in mind that the future of the Union Nationale is a casual detachment of Quebec's political evolution. The Parti Québécois counts on the House of Maurice Duplessis' party to achieve the majority it needs for independence. The Liberals rely on it, as do the Créditists, to keep the opposition peacefully split, thus preventing the PQ from signing all the cheques against the federalism the Liberals and Créditists support.

The signal of the Union Nationale's decline are all too evident. Between the 1968 and 1970 elections, the UN's share of the Quebec vote dropped from 41% to 20%. About half of the party's supporters are 45 years old, or older; most of them have little more than seven years of schooling, more than 40 are illiterate, and many are in the ranks of the Unemployment Office. The party's support is concentrated in the poorest areas of Quebec and even more in contrast with the PQ's youthful, well-educated and well-situated clientele. Most of the 17 seats the UN holds now are in rural areas; 13 have very small populations and therefore are likely to be swallowed up in the scheme of the electoral redistribution proposed by the Bourassa government.

So in choosing 39-year-old Gabriel Loubier as leader, the Union Nationale has made a fatal decision. Loubier has been a member of the National Assembly for Bellesoeux since 1962. His performance in the Assembly has ranged from mediocre to unexceptional, notable more for his lack-

level gaps than for intellectual interest. He proved to be an adequate Minister of Tourism in the cabinets of Daniel Johnson and Jean-Jacques Bertrand, but his administrative skills and political sagacity have still to be tried in a senior appointment.

Loubier's strength is attractiveness and extroversion. Very much an elderly politician, he was one of the few UN members to escape unscathed from the last election's Créditist onslaught. A man of independent means, the new leader will attempt to rebuild his party's base in rural Quebec. He has conservative, conservative views and conservative manner could bring back into the fold those disaffected by Jean-Jacques Bertrand's lackluster and by the negative his government was forced to place on unemployment, contemporary and therefore predominantly urban areas.

But even as the days when a political party could rule Quebec from the countryside. So unless Loubier can represent his party and build up support in rural areas as well as the Union Nationale will become a rural party with a lot of ever growing power, except as a participant in some sort of a coalition. And to get a hold in the cities, Loubier will need all the help he can get from his chief rival, Marcel Masse, whom he defeated by an extremely small margin, 30% of the delegates on the third ballot.

It did not end clear whether Masse will cooperate. Understandably, he felt somewhat bitter about his narrow defeat. Some of his supporters have even hinted that he might bolt the UN and join the Parti Québécois — not an impossible suggestion, given the fact that he was once an active member of the Bloc Québécois. The Bloc Québécois' past (Independence Now) is a bit of a free of the debts with which former unsuccessful leadership candidates were saddled, and therefore free to make his own decisions about his political fate.

Meanwhile, Loubier has announced he will convene a policy convention early in the fall. The convention will be held in the city of Quebec and at that convention will reflect the new leader's basic political opinions: law and order, free enterprise, respect for the growth of the constitutional form. Loubier argues for a renewed federalism that would turn provinces into "autonomous states" (whatever that means) and curtail the powers of the central government. He would press for a global referendum, rather than the piecemeal approach favored by Prime Minister Trudeau, to be considered within three years. Failing that, he would call a referendum on Quebec's political fate.

Immediately after his election, Loubier urged Prime Minister Trudeau to reject the Vietnam Charter and accused Trudeau of breaching the doctrine of Confederation by tampering on the autonomy of Quebec. He also urged the Prime Minister to disavow, "in the name of Quebec nationalists, its mission to ensure that Quebec will be part of a united Canada and a united Canada." Loubier will have to do better than that if he really wants to differentiate the UN's constitutional posture from that of Bourassa's Liberals.

The party will not die, according to leader Jean-Jacques Bertrand, even though it is far from well-placed. Perhaps not. But Gabriel Loubier has a major job of renaissance to do — and from what we know he has weak political lungs. ■

Claude Lemelin is an associate editor of Montreal's Le Devoir.

THE  
ENEMY  
WITHIN  
IS  
CHEMICAL  
NOT  
POLITICAL



GABRIEL LOUBIER  
HEIR  
TO  
DUPLESSIS'  
TATTERED  
MANTLE



I was on a nonstop flight from Vancouver to Toronto. Two minutes after takeoff, a well-versed Torontoan sitting next to me furnished a one-sided airing of his views on the French-Canadian question. While I have no secret, it is never American-National-Desire that French-Canadian-Hockey-Player. My travelling companion thus assumed I was a proper Anglo-Saxon. Viscount, whose only shortcoming was a lack of Torontoan culture. The conversation continued almost without interruption for about three hours. With enigmatic eloquence he outlined in all the old platitudes. His view was that the French Canadian is to be regarded as an alien but nevertheless naïve child, as opposed to his more mature Anglo-Saxon counterpart. Motivated by culture rather than commercial considerations, the French Canadian had devoted his energies to saving his parish values, only to lose his province economically. So be sad.

About half an hour prior to our arrival in Toronto my companion commented a previous remark by introducing himself. Then, going down one of my cards, I asked in the best French-Canadian accent I could muster, "Jacques Barbeau, d'où est votre plan de faire votre commerce?" With typical aplomb he responded, "He! Some of my best friends are French Canadians!" We drained our cognacs and fell into blissful meditation.

Had this encounter occurred 15 years ago I would have been tempted to resist, to get this rather provincial Torontoan in his place (which would only have confirmed his views). But over the years I have become a Canadian rather than a French Canadian or a Quebecer. The catalyst in my transformation was the opportunity I have had to live in and to appreciate the Canada outside Quebec. The French idiom, "for due l'on ne connaît pas on s'en va", explains the provincialist's motivation as well as to him his counterpart in Toronto. To do it in Canada, as too often in France, in terms of Ontario or Quebec involves any possibility of gaining a proper perspective of the country or its people.

Having lived and worked in Toronto, I understand the Torontoan — no mean feat far anyone. As a result, my Toronto friend's dissertation on the French Canadian was no more effective than the oft-repeated invitation of Americans that Canada should join the United States. In each case the proposition is motivated by a sense of goodwill. He sincerely wishes the best for the other people and their culture.

Canadians do not know their fellow Canadians. The cultural chasm is as



## JACQUES BARBEAU'S CANADA

For the development  
of an indigenous  
business sector,  
let us pray

great between the Westmont or Montclair and the Ontario and Quebec or on the one hand as it is between the Quebecer and the rest of Canada on the other. Admittedly, Quebec is undergoing an internal renaissance, temporarily precluding a cultural reprobation. Nonetheless, Canada needs a policy designed to promote a Canadian culture that is more widely accepted by all Canadians.

But, if there is cultural disparity in Canada, the political disparity is even more pronounced, the consequence of an antiquated constitutional framework and a predominantly central Canada orientation. There are marked disparities in wealth from region to region, but Canadians have developed a more common outlook toward national economic policies. The political climate permits no individual to

switch from one to another of the three national political parties without making any fundamental change in his economic philosophy. A liberal member of the NDP may be regarded as a leftwinger by the Liberals or a pass-socialist by the Progressive Conservatives, but he can still accept the economic platform of any of the three political parties and vote for either the Liberal, Conservative or the NDP candidate in his election.

Saskatchewan's experience subjects the thesis to proof. Federally the province was the bastion of the Conservative party. Previously it was the stronghold of the NDP and a few years ago, when a Liberal administration was elected. Those parties, each with an allegedly different economic policy, were thus elected in one geographical region by the same elector-

ate in less than a decade. If Canada lacks a sense of national unity it is not with respect to economic policy.

Canadians generally have accepted a pragmatic and reality economic approach.

Nevertheless, our national economic policy has shortcomings. As current respects it reflects our national character. It lacks the energy or discipline of the efficient nationalistic economic policies of Germany or Japan. Canada's economic policy evolved willy-nilly rather than by careful planning,

as happened in Sweden. Perhaps as a result of our proximity to the United States, we are constantly influenced by a laissez-faire approach. This is further undoubtedly contributed to the general of the C. D. Howe style, which had proved so efficient and stimulating during the postwar era.

Canadians exhibit an ambivalence expressed in any expanding economy in their attitudes toward the development of an indigenous business sector. Admittedly, we all want to own more of our own economy. Yet, if one analyzes this consensus, one can only interpret it to mean that Canadians agree that the federal government should acquire a greater equity in the business sector. With certain notable exceptions, Canadians simply do not have the initiative or the drive to develop new business concerns. Our schools of commerce are much more dedicated to the production of corporate managers than to the development of entrepreneurs or producers. Indeed, the university graduate is subtly conditioned to accepting that making money is a degrading occupation. Accordingly, the average graduate is more inclined to accept employment in a large American-controlled organization than in a relatively modest, developing Canadian enterprise. The social stigma of being associated with a small concern is simply too much for him.

If the thought of joining a young Canadian business concern is repulsive to the average university graduate, the idea that he should establish his own business enterprise is completely repulsive. The average Canadian is culturally oriented to working for a large corporation. The grey-suited executive is *de rigueur* security, which explains why a plumber will normally earn more than the average corporate executive in Canada. From my experience in dealing with entrepreneurs and developers, I have often wondered whether the propensity to develop new business concerns does not rest in genetic programming with the fewer years of formal education. Clearly, if we hope to acquire a greater equity in the Canadian industrial sector, we shall either have to develop an effective entrepreneurial class or, alternately, rely on a greater degree of governmental ownership and control of our economy.

Despite all our disquietudes, despite all those who, like that traveler from Toronto, wish to divide us into English Canadian and French Canadian, I have confidence Canada will one day become a unified country. Perhaps the recent marriage of Pierre and Margaret Trudeau reflects just how far we have come in our quest for that goal in the past 20 years. ■

Jacques Barbeau is a Vancouver lawyer and an authority on taxation. A graduate of Harvard University, he was twice director of the taxation division of the Department of National Revenue from 1967 to 1980 and before returning to private practice, research director of the Canadian Tax Foundation.



## "How could we refuse an invitation to walk with our Fiji hosts? Especially when the walk was over white hot rocks!"

1 Bill and Jean Schmitt of San Francisco had heard of the fascinating Fiji walking ceremony all day and made a four-hour crossing to get to the island of Viti. We were met by the chief of

the Fiji village, "Jira" (Jira). "The chief was so impressed that we came all the way from the mainland to see his ceremony, that he asked Bill if he'd like to perform, a most unusual privilege!

2 Six hours before the ceremony began, the men and women were placed into the hot and covered with dry palm fronds. Then, around a large fire, the men and women, wearing 15 feet high, white, hot, with a temperature of close to 1,000 degrees, were placed.



3 The chief's assistants carried the men and women, who were lying on their backs, over the white hot rocks. The men and women were placed on their backs, and the chief's assistants carried them over the white hot rocks. The men and women were placed on their backs, and the chief's assistants carried them over the white hot rocks.

4 Back at the Honolulu Beach Hotel, we told our friends about our experience. The chief's assistants carried the men and women, who were lying on their backs, over the white hot rocks. The men and women were placed on their backs, and the chief's assistants carried them over the white hot rocks.



# Canadian Club



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## YOUR VIEW

I take strenuous objection to the article put forth by John Barry and Owen Anderson in *The West is ready to revolt* (June). On American television they say:

"The Alberta's know what the alternative to American investment is for them, nature to succumb to progress." This is typical of the hypocritical attitude of the Social Credit in this province and of past and present federal governments which have made Canada what it is today — the richest underdeveloped country in the world. While the critics of Alberta's resource industries go to American companies and investors, Albertans are left with the skin milk. The Social Credit refuses to recognize difficulties in its supply chain skin milk. (Alberta's oil royalties are the lowest in the world.) By continued expansion of resource extraction industries, which are very high capital intensive and very low labour intensive, in the total neglect of the development of Canadian and Alberta-owned resource industries, the Social Credit is asking for chronic economic difficulties.

JON TAYLOR, WILHELMSTADT, ALTA.

## Say goodnight, Tem

If I understand Tem Hedley correctly — the author of the *CBC National News* (June) — he is saying that the form and the manner of presentation of the *National News* is the outcome of the long-term result of the long-term meeting of the various and attitudes of the broadcasters and public alike by the over-the-air, though not necessarily instant, influence, over the years, of *Edison's* Catalogue and its *Seren's* Song.

A very interesting theory, and one that very well might have a measure of validity, but I hope Hedley understands that I, being from rural Ontario beyond the New World, in a house devoid of indoor plumbing, have a tendency to remain by the *Edison's* Catalogue in a somewhat different context.

I'm glad Hedley thinks "the *CBC* TV *National News* is just wonderful" and that he's "against any change, but I cannot understand why he, like

so many other prize journalists, seems unable to believe that those of us who read the news have faces that are ordered known and remembered by the public. Some journalists have referred to it as "talking heads," others as the "lunatic ones." It would take a dozen or so examples to refute that contention, but let me cite just a few:

On April 25 of this year I was recognized, addressed by name and engaged in conversation by three local strangers in Vancouver even though my face had appeared on their TV screen only twice in the past 400 years.

A couple of years ago I was approached by an excited young Hindu Canadian and his very pregnant wife, in the convenience of the Yorkville Mall in Toronto, who proudly indicated me for having disappeared from his TV screen two years earlier after having, apparently, been a welcome visitor in his home reading the evening news daily for four years before that. So excited was he that before I could directly take any form of him he had uttered a sound of 35 to 100 exclamation points.

Then there was the man in the tiny restaurant in Stephenville, Newfoundland, who, it turned out, had recognized my face "from the TV News," and when I left the room between courses he approached my companion to find out if it was really true. Yes, my friend told him, he was quite correct "Land Jaymes," was the famous greeting. "I never hoped to see her there."

And finally the little woman in the candy shop who came out from behind the counter to confront me with my 23 cents change and these deflated words: "I know you. You're James Taylor. I recognize you by your face."

No, we are not the famous one. So, goodnight, Tem Hedley, whoever you are.

LAMARIE TAYLOR, HEDLEY, ONT.

Well, Tem, incidentally, *Edison's* Catalogue was never registered by name. On the contrary, I studied a page by page. The *Edison's* language system, you said, held much interest for a lady, however, what intrigued me most was the business section.

You see, I had just arrived as an immigrant from Norway in April, 1929 and through good fortune I found a job as a farmhand with the J. S. Preddy family in New York, Quebec. It was from the catalogue that I learned to associate pictures with words, here were pictures of farm implements, the plow, the harrow, the rake, and so on — to me that was understood meaning, so I was translating in the early morning to the life

house with a half more eye out in the door. The catalogue hung within easy reach on a six-inch spike on the wall.

It was from the catalogue that I composed my first letter in English — a reply to an advertisement in the *Montreal Star* looking for a housekeeper. You see, I thought a housekeeper was a person hired to keep the house and premises in good order, that is, to mow the lawn, trim the hedges, walk the windows. How much would I give today to have a copy of my crude letter.

Not to brag, but you may be interested to learn that from my first acquaintance with the *Edison's* Catalogue I worked my way up to Regional Director of Organizational and Educational for the Canadian Labor Congress in the four Atlantic provinces. After 25 years' service, being retired, I now have time to enjoy much reading the evening news, and am now coming to my home in *Edison's* Catalogue.

BRADY KATZ, NEWTON

## Chewy, chewy

Jack Butler makes great delight in premeditation the Queen Who the *Bathlegues* bands in North America — *The Queen Who* (June). True, there are indeed two types of rock music, Underground and Bathlegue. But to think that all rock is either one or the other is ridiculous. To be the Queen Who is a Bathlegue group is in wrong in calling them an Underground group. True, Bathlegue is for AM radio but the Queen Who, like the Beatles were, is on the AM radio because their songs are good, not because they are a Bathlegue group. To call the Queen Who a Bathlegue group is an injustice to one of the greatest rock bands in the world today.

JOHN PUTNAM, PHOENIX, ILL.

## Que signifie "Canada"?

Here in France, I find the French word *Canada* put on very well (perhaps because here we speak French, too), but as neighbors from the same continent are so few in number. The word "Canada" has almost disappeared from the Quebec vocabulary, except for reference to a "foreign" power which controls their postal service, passports, customs and airports. Whether the semantic shift from "Canada" to "Québec" is inevitable, or whether it is, in my opinion, the result of a remarkably successful revisionist strategy by Quebec politicians and intellectuals over the past decade, so far else relatively ignore the precise character of opinion among. I continued on page 12

*Your View from page 11* / Quebecers for whom Quebec is already a Quebec outside any real home. And not just for the French-Canadian minorities outside Quebec!

Even under the Bureaucratic regime, Quebecers (possibly) diplomatic activity in France continues. The numerous Quebec students, teachers and professionals have made it clear that they are "Quebecers" and nothing more. University courses in "histoire contemporaine-française" have become "littérature québécoise". French students are recruited by the Office Français-Québécois de la Jeunesse for subsidized trips to Quebec, where they are carefully and fully exposed to one point of view — separation.

All this activity seems logical and justifiable to Quebecers. But English Canadians should at least be aware of the activities they are going to have in face. If there is not to be outright independence for Quebec, this state out of two nations status appears to be a mission. In other words, for one of the nations of Canada. Even, as he expressed his views in *Maclean's* — Claude Rivest answers (May) — to the omnipresent position of Pierre Trudeau.

BRUNO JACQUES, VICTORIA, CANADA; UNIVERSITÉ DE CUBA, FRANCE

## Home-and-school lib

It is gratifying to learn from Barbara Fries that we are beginning to face up to the overregulation of elementary graduates — Class of '71 (Barb). Educators are like other scientists, if they can make a profit selling their product they intensify their "sales pitch". Now, we have overregulation and mandatory curricula imposed in product areas. As with other goods and services, as we step up the quality we lower the quality and the purchaser loses interest.

Before we have a similar disaster with high-school graduates, our methods in public and secondary schools should be assessed by nonprofessionals. Educators are dedicated to expanding their "dream world" of perfect, painless, effortless education where every child lives in a glow of joy from morning to night. They diagnose children of the savatization and happiness of successfully completing a long, boring and difficult task, and so giving a true appreciation of learning. They want an unending picture of children floating through their education on cloud nine to high-school graduates, with the serene confidence that what they choose to learn will do is the most important thing in life. How long will it be before the tough business world discovers their

high-school graduates are unemployable because they refuse to do anything they don't expect, they cannot spell, their basic mathematics are unreliable and their English is sloppy?

Educators' most basic tool is the love of reading and ability to read well. This enables a child to extend his education through a lifetime. It is essential that schools equip children with basic tools necessary to use society. To allow children to enter away their learning years on pleasure trips is a crime.

MR. DOUGLAS HENRI, THORNHILL, ONT.

According to Barbara Fries's article, the idea of selling life insurance is considered an insult to the intelligence of arts graduates. The notion of using arts graduates to be supported by the campus placement officer who says "When that's all we have to offer them you'd be surprised how quickly they take it." May I point out that among the 14,000 life insurance agents who are members of the Life Underwriters Association of Canada (LUAC), there are many university graduates.

Apparently, there are still people at college and university level who hold to the 19th-century usage of life agents as high-pressure policy peddlers. Consider this with the modern-day leader in the life insurance industry: he has likely completed a two-year training program leading to the professional designation CLU (Chartered Life Underwriter); he works closely with lawyers, accountants and other professional advisers in designing insurance programs that will protect their clients, as stated in their personal and financial objectives in life.

Today's graduates will look long and hard before they can feel an equal opportunity life insurance salesman. W. LINDSAY, EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER, LLOYD DON MILLS, ONT.

## A nice place to visit

I was disappointed that Tom Bakken's column, as you stated Lindsay would make a great President (Bakken), missed some essential points in evaluating Lindsay's accomplishments as mayor of New York City. The inapplicable fact is that the city of New York is presently responsible for one of the nation's largest financial problems and support of the people to carry out the essential reform necessary to restore the city to a livable condition.

There are other major problems, of course — a housing and welfare population, which takes half of the city's

total operating budget resulting from a daily influx of thousands of impoverished and poorly educated immigrants from other parts of the United States. The sheer number of people needing help outstrips the ability of the city to provide adequate housing, educational facilities and other social services. The reform civic union would never hesitate to bring the city to its knees any time they wish.

New Yorkers pay more than \$21 billion in federal authorities in personal and corporate taxes and receive back only one billion dollars in grants. A similar situation exists in the economy (low between the city and the state) that the federal authorities — and this is becoming equally true in Canada — begin to return to the large cities sufficient funds to meet the growing financial burden imposed by them, chaos and disorder will continue to prevail.

Naturally, Bakken offers no solutions to the problems of governing New York City. Unless the mayor who has escaped government in New York can find ways to stop the flow of immigrants to the city, acquire extra billions in grants and force the federal and state legislatures to enact legislation to restore the power of the unions, then the present chaos will continue.

JAMES L. FARMER, SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

## That's a nyet-nyet

At a time when Prime Minister Trudeau is making appointments with the Soviet Union, it is imperative that Canadians realize that the Soviet Russian and Soviet are not interchangeable. Russia, or the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, is but one of the 15 republics constituting the USSR (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics). Moreover, Canadians should be aware of the fact that the non-Russian minorities comprise more than 100 million of the entire population of the USSR. To arbitrarily dismiss these national differences in the USSR and to label more than 140-million Soviet citizens Russians is to willfully ignore their struggle to preserve separate national identities. This seemingly unimportant question of terminology relates to a new racism and becomes more understandable to the average Canadian if one compares the stark distinction between the Russian Russian and Soviet with the terms English and British. It is generally known that while in English is a nationality a Britisher, not every Britisher is necessarily an Englishman.

There are other major problems, of course — a housing and welfare population, which takes half of the city's

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KEEP PESTICIDES ON OUR SIDE.



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There is a widely prevalent idea in the new highly structured culture of North America that only the repressed and the old-fashioned hold to the traditional ideas of personal chastity and post-marital fidelity, that at a time when everybody seems to be throwing off long-established patterns of sexual behavior along with their clothes it's the repressed traditionalists who hold the most fulfilling lives. No one knows what long-term effects the new sexuality will have on the individuals involved, but there is increasing concern among psychologists that it may reflect serious emotional damage. Dr. Elizabeth Brodie, a psychoanalyst who was formerly on the staff of the Addiction Research Foundation and is now in private practice in Toronto, discusses some of the issues raised by the new attitudes to promiscuity in a conversation with *Canadian Woman*, an associate editor of *Maclean's*.

**QUESTION:** Do you think it's possible to define in contemporary terms what is meant by promiscuity? The Victorians would have figured that anybody who admitted to enjoying lewdness in the daytime with their eyes open was promiscuous. But now there is so much confusion about sexuality that some people think anything goes and others pretend that nothing has changed.

**ANSWER:** Certainly, in an era where the moral values that a society accepts for itself are no longer blindly agreed on, promiscuity is difficult to define in absolute terms. All that it means to me is indiscriminate sexual behavior, where partners are chosen exclusively and usually for the purpose of sex. To put it more bluntly, promiscuity is using other people for sexual sexual gratification without any emotional involvement. It's probably absurd to say it's "new." Short-term casual encounters — now called one-night stands — and "meringue" parties that used to be known as orgies, have been with us since Rome. What is new is that this kind of behavior is more widespread and what's newer still is that it's become acceptable to discuss these things openly. What used to be whispered about behind doors is now belted about across cocktail-party

rooms. A generation ago it would have been a rare husband who admitted that he was bored with his wife and felt like having an affair. Now people are inhibited by the rumors that fabulous things are going on and made anxious by the suspicion that they're missing something by adhering to old standards.

**QUESTION:** If we define promiscuity as "instant sexual gratification" what's really wrong with that, aside from the fact that it's one of the least fulfilling phrases in the language? As I read it from a distance clearly, the purpose of sexuality having goals seems to be to teach people that any encounter with others can be creative, that even casual sex achieves the limitations that's to generate a complaint in modern society.

**ANSWER:** There is nothing wrong with instant sexual gratification in itself. What is wrong is that repeated emotionally uninvolved sexual encounters can lead to further emotional alienation. If / continued on page 42

BY DR. ELIZABETH BRODIE

## The dangers of the new promiscuity



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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Our Heroes Do The Russian Front, the white on the Prime Minister's recent vacation into the USSR that began on page 28 was written by a Maclean's associate editor, Christina Newman, who went along on that curious journey and wrote it, she says, "because it was exhilarating, infuriated, frustrated and fascinated."

"For a Canadian who has lived all ways under the dominating influence of our Superpower, the United States, a visit to the other Superpower is all at once a special view of the world, a bourgeois sensibility you didn't know you had when I looked out my four-but window at the streets of Moscow and Kiev, and I did at first was to make basic comparisons. [The women have busy jobs and the apartment buildings are endlessly, hideously dreary. That kind of ugly North American abroad appears.] When I wasn't able to do that much later was to realize that I was dealing with an intensely devout people caught up in an ideology that to me was a series of philosophical concepts on a page, but to them was a live belief, a structure within which they breathe and live and die as humans belong."

"To like to be able to say, like every other innocent abroad since Truman Shoreside that I bridged this gap that a meeting of my bourgeois mind with somebody's Communist mind seemed it never did. But there were two or three occasions when there was a meeting of common humanity."

"Once in Moscow when I was riding again in a Russian family's apartment and the husband was ordering his wife to bring more food fast, it not faster, and she had set her face in a white look (damn you and all men for your inconsideration), she caught my wife of sympathy and for three seconds we looked at Maclean's Lib cell right there in her living room. The moment couldn't last (we were bound to get around to the "What about Czechoslovakia?" question) but it and so many other memories — the men who put me back together again when I hit flat on my face on the Nevsky Prospekt in Leningrad, girls laughing at our antics in the midnight light in Marmara's flowers handed to me by a shy child in the airport at Kiev — light up my brief experience of a country that turned out to be more mind-wrenching than any other place I've ever been." ■



Bob Considine, noted author and columnist

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CANADA  
CONSISTS  
OF THIS

# TWO SOLITUDES THAT MEET AND GREET IN HOPE AND HATE

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

If at times this article seems unduly personal, it is because the editors of Maclean's asked me to make it so. Their directive to me was to suggest that I tell quite a story: "What we want is your personal reaction to the evolution of the two solitudes. Of all the millions of words that have been written on Quebec, no other phrase better sums up Canada's central dilemma, and you not only invented the phrase but you have lived there through these past 30 years that give it new meaning. What we would like is a human document on how you have felt as you watched the two solitudes growing further apart."

What I have felt has all my life been more important than what I have thought, for I was no intellectual. When I began my book, *Two Solitudes*, I had been living in Quebec for only six years. Circumstances had made it impossible for me to learn French and I knew only two French Canadians personally. One was a colleague at Lower Canada College where I worked, and he was that exceptional being: a French-Canadian Protestant. The other was a man

who helped me cut trees beside the small cottage I had bought in the Eastern Townships, he on one end of the long driveway and myself on the other. Though he had no more than three years' schooling, he spoke fluent English while I, the graduate of Dalhousie, Oxford and Princeton, could speak no French.

In those days, anywhere in the Quebec countryside, you could leave your cottage unlocked for weeks and go away knowing that nothing would be touched. Little did I

guess then that a night would come 25 years later when my wife and I would alternate between sleeping and waking, as did several thousand others on that night, so that at least one of us would be awake should a car come up to the cottage filled with armed young men.

During recent years, however, what I have been watching has not been the two solitudes growing further apart but the very opposite.

Since I bought that cottage with history too forced the two solitudes closer and closer together. This evolution within our own society will decide, in

WHERE DO WE GO FROM  
HERE?



The second in a series of articles by well-known Canadians that will explore Canada's future in the Seventies—a period that could try this country's will to survive as has no other decade in our history

the next decade, whether this coming together will create a sense of a value and quality sustainable to market or produce a reaction similar to the coming together of the two cities' newspapers for the South.

The cradle of Canada's future in Montreal. From the first day I entered it, long ago in 1935, I knew it for one of the world's unique cities. It was then a viable replica of the Canada of the day. The British Empire stretched in most prosperity throughout colonies, dominions, west and northwest from Guy Street to the rich farmland of Montreal island — now, alas, covered with housing developments. The French had begun at Rivière Saint and established in corresponding industries and low wealth in difficulty east and northeast. Between them was a narrow band, at every man's hand, along the middle-class stretch of St. Catherine where the so-called boarding houses accommodated each other in large department stores owned by the English and in small shops and restaurants owned by the French Canadians and the Jews. In that particular time, it was said to be that one in three of all the professors on St. Catherine Street was unemployed.

On the steep streets running from Sherbrooke up Mount Royal's slope between University Street and Côte des Neiges were massive mansions built by railway patrons, bank presidents, brewers and manufacturers toward the end of the 19th century, and in all but three or four of them the only French spoken was in the servants' quarters. Here was collected more money power than in any other part of Canada. Purely by accident, McGill University was located in the heart of the Old Square Mile and above McGill were the hospitals that had made it say one of the world's great medical centres. There were founded and supported by the British-English Establishment of the city. It is those days Montreal could claim any distinction as an international city, it was because of McGill and the hospitals.

In the private school where I started my living, all the teachers except myself and the French master were English. I became who "best home" the day after the summer term ended in June. The boys were sons of well-to-do English-speaking business and professional Montreals, with a few French Canadians among them. Westminster was then a school and it was then in its heart it described today as a British bastion of Anglo-Saxon wealth and aristocracy. All the people I know in Westminster live in modest comfort and no more, and some of them are French Canadians, some Jews, some New Canadian professionals.

High! In the English section in those days always the Union Jack. In the schools' or universities, the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were displayed by the department stores and between them — pure white! A defaced French *Tricolore* with the letters V and N intertwined in the middle of the central stripe. This common banner had been revealed in Quebec during the Congress to celebrate the alliance between the British Empire of Queen Victoria and the Second French Empire of Napoleon III. The *Flam de la* you see everywhere today was hardly seen at all then, and in the villages about the

city the most common flag was the yellow and gold caduceus of Victoria City.

Belangues? It virtually did not exist nor in those days did the French Canadians seem to realize that the fact that they could speak English was the sort of as to be French gave them one solid advantage and source of pride. If you tried to address them in French, unless you spoke it perfectly, they would instantly reply in English. I had come to Montreal almost bilingual in English and German and expecting to speak French within a few years. I discovered that Montreal was about the worst city in the world for anyone who wanted to learn the French language and it was only years later, after a seven months' stay in Geneva, that I ever considered enough French to come even half-close to holding my own in a conversation.

Politics? Almost the only politics that concerned Canadians in those days, apart from those connected with the Depression, were European and American. Hitler, Mussolini, the Abyssinian War, Roosevelt's New Deal, conservatism and liberalism, the abdication of Edward VIII, Munich and, finally, 1939.

Montreal and Canada of only yesterday. And it was out of the cold situation, which became suddenly hot during the Hitler war, that my conception of *Two Solitudes* emerged. Its genesis came in a dream in which I saw a tall, regular blond man arguing noisily with a stocky, darker man. They were shouting at each other in fury and in the dream had to me, "Don't you see it? They're both dead!"

I did not, of course, "invent" the phrase "two solitudes." It comes from a sentence of Rainer Maria Rilke and I still think it is one of the supreme poetic affirmations of our century, though actually it was a line of prose in a letter to a friend. It has proved me that of all the journalists and politicians who have since used it only Solange Chupat Riffaud, to my knowledge, has ever included it within its context. "Love ourselves in this, but two solid, proud and touch and grow each other." Surely the best practical definition of love ever offered, whether applied to individuals or to two nations sharing a single state.

How long it took them even to touch each other, much less protest and fight. Yet in those most difficult years all three verbs have been operative in one dramatic confusion. One was in the first month of Expo 67, that marvelous partnership between Anglo-Saxon organization and industrial skill and French-Canadian imagination and flair. The second time was shorter lived and tragic. It happened last fall after the news of Pierre Laporte's murder.

Now let me turn from writing to a little elementary thinking. To begin with, Canada's two solitudes were not created here. They are the result of age-old European hatred and fallen, with the usual women attendant on the repeated weddings of these perennial human passions. English-conquered Quebec in the Seven Years' War in order to secure the Ohio Territory and the North American continent for her 15 colonial. Jealousy and snobbery in the court of Louis XV left the original Québécois virtually helpless and their efforts to defend themselves were mis-



PHOTO BY GUY A. LOVATT



ated by Voltaire's celebrated epigram, "In Canada they fight for a few acres of snow." All that Wolfe's victory secured for England was the loss of the very colonies for whom she had been sent to die on the Plains of Abraham. With the French threat removed, the colonists lost little time in seceding, and out of the American Revolution Canada's two identities were born.

United Empire Loyalists, Protestant and militantly anti-Catholic, now had to share a wilderness with the original Canadians, Catholic and militantly anti-Protestant. At the same time large numbers of Highlanders, evicted from their glens, emigrated to British North America bringing their loyalty and piety, some merging with the French, some with the English. Some 60 years later when the Irish refugees from the Great Hunger said, as the potato blight was as economical as the cholera bacterium, British North America took on the added burden of the wretched religious hatreds that are still causing Ireland today.

How hard has been the task, out of such diverse, defined, homogeneous, fragmented, hostile backgrounds, to found a Canadian state. Yes to those who say we have made no progress in doing so, I would still reply, "Look back on history and find me a society that has done better in so short a time."

The key word, of course, is evolution, not the mechanical concoction of unity, which doomed the United States to a civil war that left it divided and filled today with hatreds far worse than any here. The very nature of the Canadian compromise left us with no human instrument such as the Confederation of 1867. It was an initial, primitive step, a meagre miracle of its kind. Yet what it created was, in fact, not a nation but a formula for coexistence.

The same gives by politicians to this coexistence was the Economic Codebook and that was not creative as a partnership. It did not protest, teach and greet, it merely agreed to trade, to respect certain laws and not to kill and rob.

Coexistence was, of course, to a remarkable degree sensitive for the anglophone Canadians. It revolved in the transcontinental railways, in the settlement of the West and British Columbia, in the economic of considerable wealth, in the development of some good universities and of a medical profession second to none. But for French Canada it was far less rewarding, though no objective historian could get the whole blame for this on English Canada. If English-speaking businessmen took full advantage of French Canadians as a cheap labor force, they did so because in those days hardly any French Canadians were interested in industry and big business. The chief fault of the anglophones of that era was not so much their commercial exploitation — all commerce everywhere is a form of exploitation — but their continuing colonial mentality, which made the British Empire seem more profitable to them than their own country. The fact, however, that this long post-Confederation period was actively unimproving is in Quebec's certainly explain the present emotional appeal of the separatist slogan "A hundred years of apathy."

Canada's Economic Codebook, in our politicians and cler-

gy provided it, was actually a device aimed at keeping the two identities as far apart as possible. English-speaking leaders from ministers always had to deliver in French-speaking political assemblies who could "take care of Quebec." At the same time French-speaking prime ministers, from Lester through St. Laurent to Trudeau, were all too often viewed as intruders in their own province, especially by clerical and intellectual nationalists, though not by the average voter. As Arthur Lower once put it, Canada up to the Hitler war used Ottawa only as an administrative centre. Its true spiritual capitals, and in a sense its two political capitals, were London and Rome.

In Quebec, until the middle of the Depression era, the true power was not the Legislative Assembly but the Catholic Church. An extraordinary institution, the Catholic Church surpassed itself in the intensity and subtlety of its control as in *Belle Province* and few anglophones ever guessed at the emotional success within it.

In the rural parishes Monsieur le Curé, confessor, confessor and sometimes judge of French Catholics with almost the same enthusiasm as to let English, though marriage was permitted between them. To the average rural priest, Mr. Anglar were not only foreign invaders of his ancestral home, they were disturbers of his ancestral way of life and human behavior. Yet, when the industrial revolution finally came to Quebec and the huge territory had outgrown the small supply of priests, Monsieur le Curé knew his flock must depend for a livelihood. No one blessing anyone here. It is human nature to react such a predicament.

But Quebec's Higher Clergy, east of their far better educated than any clergy among Canadian Protestants, were what in French history were called Ultramontanes. Just as in the past in France the Ultramontanes had looked for direction beyond the mountains to Rome, so also in Quebec. To the Vatican, Quebec was simply one small enclave in a Universal Church, and Vatican decisions were made always in the interest of the Universal Church. If the Vatican commanded, Quebec's Higher Clergy obeyed. If Quebec's Higher Clergy commanded, Quebec's Lower Clergy obeyed. If Quebec's Lower Clergy commanded, Quebec's French-speaking citizens obeyed.

It was on the central that Canadian politics for years depended for the tranquility we said was so dull, and if most anglophone Canadians were conscious of this their prime ministers were not. It was a matter of indifference to English Canadians how much money collected by the Quebec clergy went to Rome, because finally a number of interests to French Canadians that they were not allowed to acquire.

Toward the beginning of my novel *Two Soldiers* FAMÉ Resehen, priest in the little agricultural village of Saint-Marie, soon to be converted into the kind of steel factory town that was to be based on / continued on page 49

On the day  
after Pierre Laporte's killing, every  
Quebecker aged by 10 years

# ON BEING MOWAT

Can the son of a Saskatoon librarian find a place among the literary greats of his country? Yes, but the dog will have to go

I was 13 and living in Saskatchewan when I became a professional writer. In those days the Saskatoon *Star-Phoenix* used to run a Saturday supplement for young people called *Prize Fun* and I managed to bamboozle the editor into accepting a weekly column about Saskatchewan wildlife. There were the Depression years and my stipend of five dollars a week (with no deductions) was only a trifling sum. These rascally Saskatchewan school-boys were getting. The discovery that, at such a tender age, I had achieved near financial parity with the official writers of my destiny did me a lot of good. It also made me the most thoroughly hated student at Notre Collegiate Institute.

My career as a columnist ended abruptly when I published an article dealing in intimate detail with the mating habits of the ruddy duck, a small but active resident of the prairies. Because I was, at 13, a relatively unworldly youth, sex was very much in the fore of my thoughts most of the time, and I was baffled and vastly intrigued as to how ruddy ducks managed to make love while under water.

The solution to this mystery became my first scientific research project and by dint of spending every

hour entered in the sinking soliloquy thoughts near Saskatoon I solved the problem. I also constructed a bad dose of scabies, known locally as *sepsis*-*you-sch*. The habit patterns formed in those years are still with me and have caused some embarrassment to those near and dear to me. However, I maintain, I believe with some justice, that it is better to scratch your bottom in public than to pick your nose.

The editor of *Prize Fun* disliked birds and never bothered to read my column prior to publication, so it was really his fault that I got fired and that the mothers of all the reputable young readers in Saskatoon pronounced me an unschooled idiot. This caused me no great hardship since the curiosity my ruddy duck column aroused among the other sort of local readers was ample compensation. I was, after all, the only boy who could deconstruct how ruddy ducks do it under water. I had acquired a cosmic specificity which I maintained as my own prerogative for a good many years. But having been banned from all Holiday Inn swimming pools around the world, I am now willing to concede that the ruddy duck cage has outlived its time. In any event, I

have gone on to better things. My current project is an investigation into the sex habits of the blue whale which, at a length of around 100 feet and a weight of up to 120 tons, is a subject truly worthy of investigation.

The abrupt termination of my column on Saskatchewan wildlife did not disrupt my career as a writer. I turned to self-publishing. With the assistance of a mimeograph machine at the Saskatoon public library, where my father was librarian, I was soon turning out a monthly chapbook with the innocuous title of *Nature Love*. The magazine was produced in two versions. One was for general readership and was filled with tales and poems about the little birds and beasts, mostly written by happily ignorant dilettantes who had no idea that they were footing for what may well have been Canada's first underground publication. Then there was the real thing, as some writers clearly by me, dealing with much more mature and downright erotic aspects of animal behavior.

My father has always disdained our departure from Saskatoon for Toronto, in 1937, was in any way related to the fact that a damn duck had, employed by / continued on page 32



BY FARLEY MOWAT

# AS FRENCH CANADIAN AS BASEBALL

BY TRENT FRAYNE

The Expos are more fun than the FLQ, rotten sewers and unemployment. Dieu merci!

It is a tight time around the Expos. The boxes are filled with Pittsburghs. The crowd is three and two at Robur's. The atmosphere is a very tough World. The Expos are in bad trouble. Some of their fans can't look.

Suddenly, as the boxes along the first base side and in the reserved seats back of them, a tiny ripple of applause begins and slowly swells. People stand. They smile. They clap their hands. They are turned now to the entrance ramp back of the plate. The people in the lower boxes have their backs to the field and they, too, are smiling and clapping their hands. It is a standing ovation.

The nature of this diversion? Two girls with long blond hair are walking from the entrance toward their seats back of first base. Their hair is halfway down their backs, pale gold. They are wearing black velvet hat pants and white blouses. They smile, very pleased by the applause and only a little embarrassed when they cough at their seats and sit down, the head clapping stops off, and the fans sit down, too.

"What is the cause?" a man asks, turning back to the field. "Men! Don't Three-and-two!"

Silently was barely perceived when Montreal needed through the back door into the National Baseball League three years ago. Now, in spite of two bad seasons, one national crown, an uncounted number of blowouts, and a number that watched the whole country, the Expos still cost their spell of pure magic over Jerry Park.

Lower than any other under the spotlight that chronicle from Montreal continuing fiscal disaster or an international incident or some impenetrable strike, but, surely get. Perhaps the St. Louis Cardinals, one night along skating rink and always it seems, coming up smelling like new de-

colours. With broader stuns, worse sewage and more per capita unemployment than any other city in the country, Montreal has more people enjoying themselves than any place twice its size — streaming into Expo 67 four years ago, exploding over an out-of-the-blue Jerry Cup champion last November, ecstatic over yet another Stanley Cup last May, on-ice-ling over the summer Olympics in 1976, or building over in Jerry Park, the world's smallest big-league ball park and largest bilingual ballpark.

Last year, 1,024,683 admissions were recorded in this only city-owned ballpark surrounded by a swimming pool and a soccer field and acres of deep grass and tall old maples. People look here by subway or drive north and west, through the Greek district, two or three miles on St. Laurent Boulevard from the main streets in the modern core, St. Catherine and Dufferin. This year, by the time the Chicago Cubs close out the Expos' home season on September 30, attendance may hit 1,500,000, close to twice the number who watched the Canadiens in the Parson last season (including the first games of the Stanley Cup play-offs).

Unlike the Canadians or the Americans, the Expos are not winners; they have not acquired their membership by legal and devoted following because they are the best. In their first season they hit 110 games and they can't say in one stroke, also grasping defeat from the very jaws of victory, they lost 20 in a row, close to a league record. But then, they are by no means the worst either. They don't lose consecutive games either. By balls on the tip of the bat, and their hitters never triple into double plays. They are a very respectable ball club, growing more so with time. They cut their deficits to 89 last year, and this year for three glorious days in April they were actually in first place in

short, the Expos are not to be mistaken for the New York Mets at these early days, when losses everywhere identified with their truly expensive facility.

Expos fans are knowledgeable baseball obsessives, not some Jacques come-fishes suddenly adopting a new kind of self-expression unavailable to the rest of Canada and elsewhere to be observed. There is a mistaken notion that when Expos fans applaud a final ball they do it out of ignorance of the game. This is nonsense. They do it out of love. What happens right after night at Jerry Park is a love-in.

Quebec has been in love with baseball since at least 1969 when Montreal had a team in the Eastern League. Today there are 1,000 fans between one and 12 playing Little League baseball in Quebec, and 75,000 boys under 20 are registered with the Quebec Amateur Baseball Federation. There are numerous leagues for older players, including the long-established Provincial League, where bachelorette Sal Maglie and Vic Fowler played when they were banned from baseball in the United States after joining in a so-called outdoor league in Montreal.

Barry Simonson, a baseball batsman, says that one Barry Wright, captain of the Boston Red Stockings, took a baseball team to Montreal in 1872 to play an exhibition game against the Montreal Cricket Club. Simonson, a gentle study man with a ready smile, now works in the office of the baseball commissioner, Bruce Kuttin, in New York, but quarters a home in Montreal. He carved there some 20 years ago with the late Frank (Shag) Shaughnessy, himself a transplanted American who was president of the International League. Shaughnessy decided to shift league headquarters to Montreal after new New York-area ball clubs, Jersey City and Newark.

continued on page 54

FRUITS  
LÉGUMES

BIERE



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# OUR HEROES ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

What does it mean when the bourgeois leader of a third-rank power pays a state visit to the USSR in the company of his beautiful bride? Your guess is as good as ours.

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

Shortly after midnight on a Monday in the middle of May, the Right Honorable Pierre Elliott Trudeau cloaked himself with his bride in the forward cabin of a Canadian Armed Forces Boeing 707 jet and flew out of the raucy Ottawa night band for Moscow and what was billed as "a sparkling 'foray into international diplomacy,'" the first state visit to the USSR by a Canadian prime minister in office.

In the two airpods behind Trudeau, seated in several rows and a nearly perfect pecking order were: 16 press attachés and aides and civil service bureaucrats who were meant to provide sober advice and were thereafter called the *Mindsters*; 40 members of the press who were meant to transmit descriptions of the sparkling fancy to an anxiously waiting electorate and were thereafter called the *Medias*; and three Members of Parliament who meant to make political hay and were thereafter largely ignored.

In the next 12 days this odd company of Canadians was pulled around a kind of big-time *bonché* circuit (Moscow to Kiev to Tashkent to Samarkand to Novosibirsk to Leningrad, to be sure, but all the way) in what was clearly supposed to be a triumphal procession but what seemed, from the inside anyway, like the minutiae of



# WHAT WE DID THIS SUMMER

The photographs I showed did not dare print

First it was off to meet Premier Horgan at the Hamilton M. Brown. That Vladimir Vashin came on the wall. He's the ex-Pol. A. Macdonald of the glorious revolution. He was apparently quite a fellow!



♪ That's always happen to people who's about to become new man



♪ You want to know about Paul Horgan? He's a country-revolutionary revisionist



♪ Please forget his language, language and we couldn't say any at the CCM

♪ We want to see something here at Petrobranca looking at something



♪ Here we are looking at the throne of the Crown in the Army Museum. Wouldn't it be a good in the room at of Canada?



some third-rate road show, unaccountably caught up in an international production translated from the theatre of the absurd.

What gave the proceedings their unlikely aura was partly that on slow motion the event of the presentment about the Soviet-Canadian protocol, agreed in the splendor of the Palace of Receptions on the third day of the tour, made next to no sincere sense, partly that the Canadians were so concerned by finding themselves in the world landscape that almost everybody from everybody on down committed some ashily gaffe (when asked whether he was next he won't being used by the Kremlin, the PM replied quizzically, "I've been asking myself the same question"), and partly that the combination of extreme temperatures (100 in Saskatchewan, 32 in Toronto), 12-hour night-swing days, straight into a long plane flight, breakfast, hot rain, sweet champagne, warm animal water, and the Russians' repressive hospitality, produced a mystical unknown for the masses that spread through the group like a contagion.

On the first day, as evening advanced, as yet uncovered from the celebrations of the overnight flight, loomed off the Boeing 707 at Moscow airport straight into a Soviet honor-guard band who'd been standing with their instruments over their heads waiting to play O Canada and who stared as shown debriefed as two KGB men (Soviet-made him out of sight of the waiting departure. On the second day, a Canadian-Ukrainian journalist from Niagara Falls wrote up and down that he'd seen Margaret Trudeau disappear alongside Lenin's tomb, though the official pressies claimed that she was at that moment in the company of 14 ladies in an art museum called the Tretyakov. On the third day, a Canadian embassy official collapsed under the strain of eight months of preparation and a four-gig lunch and had to be carried off for a rest case. On the fourth day, an MP drew a small crowd as he sat on the steps of a hotel in downtown Kiev, weeping for his Ukrainian homeland which he'd never before laid eyes on. On the fifth day, a photographer was stabbed accidentally in the hand by a Russian girl waiting the shower from a partly enclosed toilet. On the seventh day, a mad scientist actually moved his laboratory because he'd stayed behind in Tsimmerman's tomb to photograph another madman who was holding a stick, and he'd been in the house of the madman. On the eighth day, the press, inspired by the Russians' refusal to allow them into a canal market in Saskatchewan, decided to stage a rebellion and were told that if they did they would be put out of the country forthwith. On the ninth day, a newspaper reporter, flanked with the excitement of being one of the first westerners inside the city of Novosibirsk, which is built on permafrost and has an extensive celebration program for locals who go strapping in the long dark of the Siberian night, claimed that to him, it looked just like Paris. And on the eleventh day, the entire group, in a moment of temporary acquiescence, straggled the city of Leningrad (then of free-market believers). It was enough to make you wonder who was controlling whom.)

The longer this rattle-tattle company spent on the Russian road, the more it began to look like a Canada as occasion, displaying in its members' personal idiosyncrasies and group interactions all the conflicts, tensions and shakiness that torment our national psyche.

Outside, the Russian landscape went by like a Christ-borne dream. Inside our buses and limousines — where, in essence, I began to feel we were visiting the Kremlin in its train — all the old Canadian stereotypes were repeated. The French fought with the English. The Canadians looked down on the proto-protestants. The politicians complained about the unchecked power of the ministers. The press mostly expressed their disapproval of the Prime Minister, unless he decided to retire them whenever they turned pink from the pleasure of power proximity and



Here we are at  
the Exhibition we  
kept expecting  
to be Nicholas  
and Alexandra  
but Mr K  
wanted to  
talk about wheat

Making  
it in  
Koromand



That is Mr Knappe's daughter  
She's exclaiming like  
they were conspiracy  
in Kibane



This  
basketball  
in the  
Palace of  
Pioneers  
not in  
this for our  
petrodollar  
We can keep them in our cedar chest



The prohibition through  
toward cut every where  
we want. Just like in  
the Confession



Hi Dad!  
Hi Dad!  
Hi Dad!  
Hi Dad!



← We meant to show you a  
picture of the queen's village  
of the Tiber where the dog  
Darius, accompanied her  
master Nikola Ivanovich,  
to the workshop, tobacco factory  
in which he works  
Persian/son cascading down  
road under his magnificent  
- Colored, Smoked, he-bats  
weed for the state some brown  
bag. May that not last it or  
something Hope you like this one



towned on his every word. And everybody displayed the  
characteristic Canadian awkwardness toward the Ameri-  
cans by wondering aloud continuously how Washington was  
reacting to our living in taking as the Russians, while at  
the same time complaining internally about every single  
moment held because none of them was like a Siberian.

The only cool figure in the troupe was, of course, the  
starring player, Pierre Trudeau, who was referred to  
throughout the journey by the acronym in The PM or Le  
Prime, by the acronym in English and by the branded off  
newspaper as H.M. Trudeau seemed to have decided be-  
forehand having done that he was playing the double role of  
happy bridegroom/canny statesman.

On balance, he performed rather better as the former,  
beaming on his freemove at awkward moments, grabbing her  
hand and running boyishly down ancient stair-flights  
worn smooth by the knees of the hundreds of excited Asian  
newcomers, giving her little juvenile pushes on the rumps of  
Siberian schoolchildren, looking on with husbandly pride in  
the chattered shyly with awkward in Sikh trousers and state  
reception lines, and making sure that she was exposed as  
little as possible to the cruel scrutiny of the press.

From the beginning, the relationship between Mrs.  
Trudeau and the press — at least a quarter of whom had  
come along to watch out of interest to her in is anything  
that might ensue from the Kremlin — was made in-  
terestingly awkward by this protective attitude. On the second  
day in Moscow, just before Margaret Trudeau was to  
make her first public appearance, one of the PM's aides  
gathered together the most little band of professional voy-  
cun who were chosen by lot to watch her tear the Palace  
of Young Pioneers, and told them, "Listen, treat her with  
delicacy, y' get what I mean? Don't push or shove and  
for God's sake no no account try to speak to her. This is  
not for exhibition." (Apparently the required degree of  
delicacy was not achieved and on her second public ap-  
pearance, at the Moscow ballet school, only one reporter  
was permitted and the photographers were refused the  
benefit of light. Thereafter, nobody was allowed to ac-  
company her anywhere.)

Just why this protection was necessary was hard to  
fathom since Margaret Trudeau represented in her person  
a perfection that the press was prepared to embrace with  
something approaching fervor. She was like all the pretty  
girls of the 1940s campaign rolled into one, an utterly accept-  
able lozenge — young, lovely and apparently as adoring of  
her husband and as unharmed by intense hatred as the  
bride in a baby oil ad.

What she appeared to avoid passing from was not  
the prying press, but the hovering officials. Every-  
where she went, she was surrounded by at least half-doz-  
ens Russian and Canadian women, most of whom were  
twice her age and twice her girth. The making of this lit-  
tle band of chosen changed from place to place but the  
constituents were Lurid, Creole, and the elderly Knap-  
pe's daughter, who looked comfortable and unconscio-  
usly envious. Theresa Ford, the Canadian ambassador's wife  
who was inconspicuously slim, elegant and foreign in her  
bed-hike Paris clothes, and Elizabeth Hestrich, a junior  
officer from Eutaw, Alaska, both appeared each day Can-  
adian and dressed as though they were going to a gar-  
den party at Government House in 1964.

Because Mrs. Trudeau was an no account to be re-  
quired to speak officially, every quivering cosmopolitan  
she entered was destined after. While the treacherous pre-  
sented the director of the Ministry of Young Pioneers with a  
gift-wrapped package that contained, I do not joke, an  
NPK like about bicycling in the Lower St. Lawrence, and  
said, "Umm, this is a gift from the people of Canada,"  
everybody wrote it down. The next morning at a reception  
in the garden of the Canadian embassy, a photographer  
heard her tell a diplomat's wife, "Trudeau is the [for-  
get name] luncheon for Knappe, I / understand on page 57

# THANKS DARLING, FOR MAKING ME WHAT I AM TODAY

Kate Millett, Simone de Beauvoir and Betty Friedan have come forward to warn us: marriage must be a partnership of equality and not a tyranny of sex roles. The lesson has been well heard. Only the most intractable male chauvinists would disagree. But how can a woman become equal to a man who has achieved fame in the eyes of his fellows? Who, other than, has ever heard of Mrs. Schwartz? Mrs. Einstein, or Mrs. Abbie Hoffman? A partner has a chance married to an oppressive nobody. But what of an oppressive somebody? What then, Simone de Beauvoir? Herein, by traditional standards, might big winners in the marriage sweepstakes, eight wives who have achieved status through the reputations and power of their husbands, throw the title woman when she becomes the mere shadow of the great man? Only his shadow knows.

BY BARBARA FRUM

## MRS. ROMPIN' RONNIE HAWKINS

The *Mustang* live in a great country house on a rolling, wooded estate outside Toronto, with a Rolls-Royce parked in front, a dilapidated moving van for Ronnie's country-rock group parked in a gully nearby, a prized collection of harmonies on display inside, "the complete set of Royal Dukes," bought on a whim to please his wife Wanda, and a white piano painted by a friend of Ronnie's in the style of *Canoeing* only the angel faces are the faces of the *Harbinger* three small children. During the interview Wanda keeps repeating, "Oh yes, I'm going to be famous too."

I don't think there are too many people that could do what I'm doing, being married to Ronnie. Like when we first got married he'd come home with lipstick on his shirt or on his neck, or wherever. Or he'd cut, and, uh, I'd see that and I wouldn't say anything. And he'd say next day, "Oh yes, I got lipstick on my shirt." And I'd say, "Yes. Just like you had the first time." But it's alright because at long as he comes home when he's supposed to come home, or even if he comes home later, it's alright because I know how he is with his children and with me. And I think that's all that counts.

He gives me rewards in many ways by treating me nice and talking nice

to me, and not bringing me problems home. I mean people I never would have met otherwise, the Bonetts, and the Eatons and the Dunlaps, and different musicians that are famous, like Rushin', Jack Elbert and Gordon Lightfoot. When John Lennon and Yoko were here it was really something. That was really exciting. You know, John Lennon and Yoko. And I thought, gee, I've got to get the house ready. And I cleaned and cleaned and cleaned and I don't think they even noticed.

I don't have that many complaints. He doesn't help very much around the house. But he's very good to me. I could do whatever I please I think. He doesn't hold me back. But I know he likes for me to be here and to have his dinner and everything, so I do it to please him. I just even let him do it. It's the only way.

It was through a friend that I met him. I was 19 and Ronnie was 21. I think I guess it was sort of physical attraction for both of us at the first. He had all kinds of women after him at that time and, um, I just sort of hung around and hung around. I had to go to matrons because I wasn't 21. And I had to sit on the Coke side. I'd sit there and have my Coke and chips and he'd come down every sat and he'd talk and be very nice. And finally a year and a half later we got married. I still like to go to his company but he doesn't like me at the club. He figures a plumber doesn't take his wife when he does a job of plumbing and a guy that works in an office doesn't take his wife to the office. He says my place is at home with the children. I don't always like it because he's out every single night, you know, it's sort of a lonely life. But I've got three children and I keep myself busy with what they're doing. And then we have our Sundays. And, uh, I have been practically all day, probably longer than most housewives, 'cause he goes up at two and he's home till 7:30.

I always heard lots of stories about him and women and me still get phone calls. But I don't worry about it too much. I figure what he's going to do he's going to do anyway, whatever I say, you know. This girl told me once a long time ago when I first got married to him like when we go go dancer and she'd been married a couple of times and she'd really been through it, she said, you know, the way to keep a guy like Ronnie is with a loose rope. So I learned to let him do it. I worked. I didn't go on the back too much, and I didn't hug 'em. As long as he keeps coming and telling me about the tapes and the parties they have I don't mind. The day he says killing me about him, free. I'll worry.



## MRS. PIERRE BERTON

The day I was at the *Bertons* house Anne Berton's usually inebriated spirits were being fired by a hot-water tap that wouldn't be turned off, a dishwasher that wouldn't be turned on, an *Atlantic* house which had been recently decorated at the decorator's, and a cross at *The Queen's House*, a final remnant of the time at a hobby with two partners in a famous house in north Kilmory, where the Bertons live. When she married Pierre he was an established reporter on a Vancouver newspaper, the kind of reporter, somewhat an editor, that "when you see that the competitors had to read five."

Our family's life revolves around Pierre. I think it has to. I think that, Wanda's life notwithstanding, you

really can't have two private domains in one family and somebody's got to give in. Theoretically one may not like that, but in practice it makes life a lot easier. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, you know.

I don't think you can have two people on the same level really. And I think it would be dynamic to try to be competent in the same field as Pierre. Especially Pierre. I guess somebody's got to be the tower of wood and driver of water in any partnership, you know, and I guess that's me.

You know, if I had felt that I were of that kind of caliber, which I never have felt, productive, creative. I'm not though. I think I'm a dependable journalist, good at charts and spelling words right, and I would get the story straight, hopefully, but I'm not very creative or productive. Pierre is. The only problem I find having him

so productive is that he makes all the rest of us look like absolute slobs. I do all his press releases. And I have done a lot — well, a little bit — of his research. Pierre told me the other day that nobody could produce like me, and that was kind of nice, and it made it all worthwhile, the fact that I'd been up until 3:30 the night before pressday.

I don't resent spending my time looking up the socks ordinarily. Well, sometimes, when he complains about how his shoe pinches it, which is what we had a little scene about the other day, and I said I didn't know, I hadn't had it. Well, uh, the catch is I feel guilty not knowing where things are because if I had had the socks changed up I'd know where they were.

I try to get Pierre's things, the things he wants thought about. And it's kind of a struggle to remember things that he tells me to do. . . . I try to keep his filing up to date. It made sense that he couldn't do it and his cleaning is done. He doesn't mind what I do to make it possible for him to have a clean shirt. I mean, he wouldn't mind if I had to have a whole evening's entertainment, he wouldn't object to the money. Pierre's all for getting full-time help, but he doesn't realize it's not that easy to get help out of the city.

It's easier when he's away. And we don't have to have gourmet food. And we don't have to have china dishes. And we don't have to have a wooden salad bowl. You know, wooden salad bowls for 10 people all have to be wiped by hand, they can't go in the dishwasher. And we can have dinner earlier. We always wait for Pierre and sometimes he's late and I never know what time he's coming.

Occasionally the wires has turned and I have said something, but it doesn't really work anyway. It just leads to a family life, easier to do what he wants. And I don't mind, actually, this is the trouble. When I complain, Pierre always says, "Well, you could have married a shoe clerk" and I keep saying no shoe clerk ever said no or maybe I would have.

I don't think he has time to think about any contribution that I might have made. He's too busy on, you know, higher-echelon kinds of things, like the building of Canada, say, and he's worried about cost factors, either on shoes or clothes or the business and sometimes that makes me a little mad. But I only have so much of an anxiety, and if I have to get enough sleep tomorrow ready for tomorrow I haven't got time to argue about it.

I don't ever feel that I'm getting some public attention. I just say



COURTESY BERTON

that I'm not on the same echelon and I've faced this. I'm not competing in the same league — in the talent showing and the pressdaying, you know. I think I'm not a gorgeous blond. I'm a very strongy brownside, long-legged in pea-oot-better sandals. And if I were Pierre I would have left me years ago. I think, and found a hash blond, who maybe couldn't produce, though. You see, I will have this one little use in the hole.

It's great, though, when you want to get the dishwasher fixed. The man comes when it's for Pierre Martin. I realize my last-minute. You know I'm not a gorgeous blond. I'm a very strongy brownside, long-legged in pea-oot-better sandals. And if I were Pierre I would have left me years ago. I think, and found a hash blond, who maybe couldn't produce, though. You see, I will have this one little use in the hole.

## MRS. GORDON SINCLAIR

*Gordon's public appearances about Gladys' then decline. After, the problem of their 35-year-old suburban home in Manhattan and the plot of their cottage in Malibu here leads to Gladys' Sinclair's own story of a public figure's life on the right. Gordon's public will phone her to interview on their behalf, or in conversation for when Gordon's takes a stand they Mr. Sinclair, master will drive up and down their street before her a glimpse of the great war. The real Gladys Sinclair remains content and waiting, waiting to spend her days, at the always Mr. Sinclair's daughter-in-law, cradling, waiting the afternoon TV shows.*

People on the street now say, "You're Gladys," but she's only in recent years, since Gordon started talking about me on his radio show. I rather like it. When we first started going out to parties I used to stand by myself practically, you know how they stare around him, but now that he's made me better known I don't have to stand in a corner. . . . people will talk to me too. And when we're at the golf club the staff always makes a fuss over Gordon, which makes me. That's one point I should say. Having a well-known husband gets you a wonderful place in a restaurant. I know what we go to, put in the very best seat. I've got lunch with women friends after that and we couldn't be put further away from the center of things.

When I married Gordon he was nothing. Just a common copier. I never had anything to do with his success. Except I let the family together. He was sometimes away from three to five months at a time. It was a lonely life in a way. I was busy enough with four children. Just my time was lonely. I want know thought it was alright because I didn't complain. It was a way of life and he lived it and it certainly paid off you know.

If he hadn't become famous we would have had different types of friends. We would have been home playing bridge instead of going out to most of the shows. When you marry a person in those business, you get in a lot of good contacts and that's it. I think I've had a lot more excitement in my life than my sister, for instance. Her husband was a subway stationer.

I wouldn't offer Gordon advice or ideas. I think he does his own ideas better than mine. He gets more he does. A lot of women try to have a say and it's caused a lot of trouble.



## MRS. THOMAS BATA

*The latter served as coffee in the book-and story discussed by a recent American portrait of Mrs. Bata. She mostly spends her mornings working out morning with her cooking decisions about four children and four hours (the eldest) Bayonne estate in Toronto the country house in Ontario the house in London the winter house in St. Martin's drinking with the art collectors that look at her for leadership or problems relating to success of the modernism-dilemma does not escape that her husband has departed to her personality.*

Mrs. Bata's social architecture in Switzerland had mirrored before she had completed the necessary practical work for conference. Her house upending still centers her public high-profile visit.

Fortunately I met somebody who had very good ideas about his own life, who he wanted to achieve, and so when I decided I made his ideas my own, and my life really then became part of, well, his life of his own ideas. I always wanted to play an active part in life. . . . As a young girl I used to have had dreams that I might fall in love with some kind of man who was taking command of his life, and I con-

cluded that it would be fatal to fall in love with such a man. I just couldn't be happy. I just wouldn't let my ambitions in life. So I thought that, unconsciously, I looked for somebody who was trying to reach out water, and thank God I fell in love with such a type of a man. It had to be somebody who, you know, I could think whenever he was going or whatever his ambitions were.

I take a very active part in my husband's business, so many of his problems are my problems. And there are certain aspects of the business, like design, corporate identity, marketing, where I can be definitely helpful. I spent a great deal with my husband, maybe six to eight months a year, and of the time we work very much as a team. Hopefully, you get good staff and good concern and you are able to organize it.

I really do believe a woman should share her husband's interest. I think it's terribly difficult if the husband and the wife have very, utterly and completely different professions because, uh, this must lead to certain conflicts. You must be terribly careful that your marriage and your husband don't become a, you know, second thing in your life.

I want my life to be hooked up to the enterprise because I have come to the conclusion that the most impor-



hers. I mean a female counterpart of Harold Town; they might have a great affair but I don't think they could live together.

I don't feel inferior just because I have a few things going for me, but I do feel that he has had that much more. He's just that much funnier, he's just that much better at conversation, he's that much better at expressing himself, he's got a fantastic memory. I never had any doubts as to drive or paint, but I did want to write at one time and it infuriates me that he's so good at that, too.

I don't go out much anymore. I think it's basically the kids and the house. I wish in Glenora, with all the fun and all the stuff, and he's not terribly happy about his openings. I read the children to his openings. I think they're far prettier and better conversations than I am. I always had a hard time just visiting with him, because you're Harold Town's wife, which probably is 90% of the time was true.

I don't think this would have worked if I hadn't had any own income. I think we both know that I had to have something that was my own. As a matter of fact, he was the one who said I should keep on working. And I'm glad I'm not home all day because I know what would happen if I were home. "Here we are, let's take them up to the gallery," or "Take that package down to Union Station."

Harold's wonderful with the children and he's very generous. He knows I love antique jewelry and he's always buying me something. He doesn't like the fact that his own wealth is making him. I realize it's a bad thing. It's one of my big problems.

I don't think in terms of being deprived to much in "what if" thinking. You know, what if I didn't have this, what if I had married somebody else, or what if I hadn't got married, but there it always comes round to what if I hadn't had the children, and there it goes. Some things make other things worthwhile. And not knowing Harold I think would have been a terrible deprivation.

I think I'm the opposite of Cathie Thorne. She fought for her individuality, her marriage, and her kids. I couldn't do that. Actually, I don't do a lot of fighting. I think you rationalize. You sit in what happens with what you've got and think, "It's going to be easier to accept, when you've got got to make it work, or it's going to be easier to, you know, pull up your roots and start over again?" And I'm not much of a root puller.

## MRS. JOHN BASSETT

*John Bassett was a women's reporter on the Toronto Telegram before she married its publisher four years ago when she was 27 and he was 31. After their marriage she worked for a while in the newsroom of one of her husband's other enterprises CFTO-TV, the only station in school.*

The Bassetts' life style is in a respect *Harold's* news house (what point on the inside, powder-blue breadbox on the left) on one of Toronto's most prestigious streets. We stepped out onto the street before the Bassetts were off for a five-week holiday on the Riviera with their two adopted daughters and a baby-sitter each to look after them.

Bassett is powerful. I have a very interesting life. I have everybody out really at my beck and call, but lots of people ready to help me things. So I can do much more. I can have chauffeurs to drive me places, if I'm in London, for example. Japan is a good example. I wanted to do a story, we met the Canadian ambassador and his wife and I said I'd like to do this, and it was all arranged. Well, that's a great help. If I'm very busy and there are a lot of things that have to be picked up, just go jobs that a lot of housework, get stuck with, I have somebody to go and do them for me. Well, that saves us wear and tear. There's an awful lot that you can get other people to do for you if you have the other people there and you use them.

I have met lots of people that I wouldn't otherwise have met. On Bobby and Ethel's 19th anniversary they asked John to bring me down to Hickory Hill for the weekend. And I was miserable. Whenever George Plepko's in town he phones and comes for dinner. And the Vancouvers. My husband always tries to include me in the important things that are going on. There's nothing more exciting than being in at the beginning of a big news story. I just sit and listen, usually.

I think I'm happier than I've ever been in my life. We both say all the time, aren't we lucky, aren't we lucky to have each other, aren't we lucky to have this pool, our horses, our children, this great life, aren't we lucky to be going to France tomorrow. And I think the fact you say that all the time, then you do stop and think that you really are one of the most fortunate people, because my happiness has to start with a happy relationship with someone.

When I was married before, I put

my job first and I don't think you can do that. Now I realize, I can't work full time because my husband comes home and he wants me to be home. And I realize that unless I am here, he'll probably go somewhere else, you know. I think this is how arrangements might develop. I don't worry. But I'm not complacent. I think it's wrong of wives to sit back and say, I've got him. I would never think like that. I mean, if I go through all this to get divorced and remarried, I'm not going to let somebody run off with my husband if I can help it.

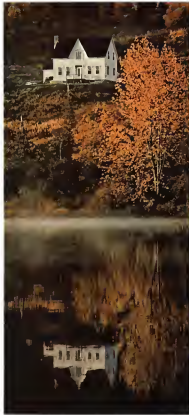
I've never looked on his choice of me as a real approval. Although I must admit the thought did cross my mind when Margaret Trudeau, not that I'm comparing me with her, but I thought of the fact that she must really be something because he could have had lots of people.

His true my husband is old enough to be my father. I'm younger than his oldest son. Yet I never think of him that way. I suppose when you're attracted to somebody you don't think of age. Also, if you know my husband, he's a very energetic, vigorous, physical man.

But as a woman married to somebody who gets all the attention, you feel you have to have your own identity too. The husband man tremor doesn't when I was first married. I was sort of trying to find my new place, what I was going to do. And I realized it couldn't be in any field which he was in because he would come in just like a big gust of wind and it would just blow me over. And so I've gone back to university. I'm taking a Master's in English. In this case he can't compete, because, I mean, he doesn't know and he's very happy that I do that. Of course, I don't think he would for one second think that I could begin to compete with him. He's not what you'd call a modest man.

If my husband was struggling he wouldn't be able to take me everywhere he goes. Since we've been married we've gone to Britain, Japan, to England. I can't count the times, we've been so many. And when we're there we meet all sorts of people and I find it stimulating.

I think we had a simple life. Everything changes when I say that, because we fly to Nassau and I guess, we each have a house. We now have three houses. And we've rented a house in France, and we rented a house in Spain last year and all that. But still I say we had a simple life. I mean, I watch pieces of things wouldn't go out and spend dollars and dollars on clothes. Last year he gave me a home, but I needed a home, you know, so it was very nice. ■



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Prose from page 14 • If you are promiscuous, you don't become less lonely, you become more so. Every human thing — no matter what you're like — is in or out of what it's most vulnerable to. It's growing up with — and a deep, inherent need for — a second, intimate long-term relationship (or two) after having been, although some people can handle many such relationships in a lifetime. And almost every human being gets into it late adolescence to seek such a relationship in the western world, for centuries, monogamous marriage has been chosen as the acceptable form for the particular kind of intimacy — even if marriage as we know it is largely a series of compromises — as it obviously must — the need for intimacy will remain. This need may become virtually intolerable in certain people so they try to fill the gap with something like — whether it's drugs, alcohol, overwork or whatever — so. In most cases, the promiscuous derive less rather than more pleasure out of sex. Sexual pleasure becomes to a meaningful degree the basis of reward and pleasant experience; if you change partners constantly, you can't have the intense pleasure because you have no chance of learning to know your partner deeply in a human being. The promiscuous often start out with feelings of sexual inadequacy — they constantly change partners in the hope that this will spur their virility. But repeated empty experiences, where all they get (and often not even that) is physical gratification without a corresponding warmth, increase their original feelings of inadequacy. They may not be asking, as are some non-monogamists, "What am I missing?" but instead wonder, "What's wrong with me that it takes more all the time to turn me on?"

**QUESTION:** In other words, the constant reeling search for new partners or are revealed several experiences can become a form of compulsive behavior.

**ANSWER:** Exactly. It's a spiral. The promiscuous man or woman rarely experiences full satisfaction, never comes to seek it and eventually ends up with a dissatisfied feeling of self-worth. "I'm not in sex as I once was, therefore I'm not in valuable and so it doesn't matter what I do to acquire it is irrelevant." This kind of person comes to regard his or her body as a piece of merchandise. If you repeatedly experience the emotional aloneness that promiscuity can bring, your sex life inevitably becomes a game is regarded as a marketable commodity that is becoming less marketable all the time. There is also a very severe danger that if you live a severely promiscuous life you will

never establish valuable long-term human relationships.

**QUESTION:** Self, it's revealing enough that astronomical reeling can strengthen marriages.

**ANSWER:** I don't believe it. The only kind of marriage that astronomical reeling could strengthen is not a marriage at all — in the sense of being a deep, intimate relationship — it's a social charade.

I had a vivid illustration of what can happen to people who seek relief from their difficulties in sexual promiscuity through a couple who came to me for psychiatric help a few years ago. They were both professional people, in their late thirties, intelligent, brainwashed and as foolish. They had been experiencing the dysfunctionality of sexual interest in each other that frequently happens when people have been married nearly a decade. A few weeks before they turned up in my office, they'd met another couple who were involved in the "renewing life" and had spent an evening discussing the world of those who participate in group sex. The other couple had made an agreement with each other to search for people with whom they could have sexual experiences that supposedly would enrich their lives, and the whole group was some had become an obsession with them. They were subscribing to the kind of ungrounded papers that cause people to change this way of life, warning of and driving thousands of men to try to go to groups. They were sensitive people but they had gotten deeply into the life apparently without realizing what was happening to them. They offered to involve their professional couple in these encounters and they described in intimate detail who was available where, for what, the kind of clothing they wore to these parties, the personalities they purchased. The professional couple disagreed violently over the suggestion; the woman felt revolted by the mechanistic nature of the life, but at the same time she desired fulfillment in her marriage. I asked them, and the man was adamant of the inherent dangers and saw only the blinding temptations. They didn't become angry but sought professional help instead, and they were able to iron out most of the problems in their lives and to find new ways to give each other pleasure.

About two years later, the couple met at a social function — a very pleasant one, I might add — the wife said she was lonely because she was now divorced and returned in a traditional marriage. As a personal research project he undertook a "study" of what had happened in the 100 or more couples they'd belonged to this

group. He couldn't understand a sensible statistical breakdown (and there has so far been very little research in this area, since group sex as a broad phenomenon only became respectable in the media recently), but he found that an overwhelming majority of those in the group were either divorced or contemplating divorce, very many of these were experiencing severe emotional difficulties which showed up in their jobs, as their relationships with their children and friends, as well as with their spouses. In other words, that marriage wasn't strengthened by this supposed "enrichment" of their sexual life. They were severely damaged — and so were the individuals involved.

**QUESTION:** Group sex might be something that people make into the jokes about but surely it's a bizarre phenomenon that's rarely encountered by ordinary people. When even the media were once involved in the "renewing life" and had partners have adult sexual relationships by mutual agreement, and one team of marriage — which for all I know may be mythical — that one would be happy despite extramarital affairs.

**ANSWER:** The happily married don't seek affairs, the dissatisfied do. Affairs are the symptoms of a chronic dissatisfaction with yourself and with your marriage. The kind of marriage where one partner conducts a series of affairs and thus confuses them in what detail turns into a form of sadomasochistic relationship. Whether we like it or not, we are addicted with emotions like jealousy and with a genuine need to feel that we are accepted by and are fulfilling to another person. I don't mean you just say, "I loved you and I married you when you were a golden 24 and this is the way you've changed." I mean, "I loved you — for the rest of our lives."

An honest human being, who is living and growing rather than coasting and dying, constantly goes through changes in himself and so he has to have to work at his marriage to fit those changes. Some people can't do this by themselves, and if things go badly between a couple they owe it to themselves at least to attempt to reexamine their relationship and try to improve it with professional help. If people find they can't continue to live together with a measure of happiness, then it is better to divorce and try to find the intimate personal relationship they need with somebody else. It would be no good if we could accept the simple fact that marriages are sometimes mistakes and that no one is to blame, we don't expect perfection in any other human endeavor. Even a failed marriage should be / continued on page 85

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Something in this picture dates the whole house.  
Can you spot it?



No, it isn't the furniture. Nor the decor. It's the electrical outlet with its cluster of wires and plugs.

Congested outlets, extension cords and blown fuses all point to inadequate wiring. And in an older house this inconvenience is really not surprising, when you think of the number of ways we have come to rely on electricity.

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The cost of rewiring will probably be less than you expected. And the Hydro Finance Plan makes it easier to get started. You can get more information about electrical modernization from any qualified electrical contractor. Or ask your hydro



Up-to-date wiring makes so much more possible.



It is noon, and the sound breaks whistles, bells, horns, whistles and shouts tumble up from the docks of Lunenburg, knot together in joyful cacophony and roll up the hill to the town, the lullaby of sound bounces off high house walls and chime steeples, rolls back down the narrow streets and, bursting, washes the port with its tumult. Out through the harbor it goes, a joyous, tinkling, belting, booming below, it beats against the capping grass hills across the bay, where it is briefly held, then hurled back to be sheltered made by a new wave shaking out from the shore. Up on Maritime Street, above the harbor, people look up, nod, grin at each other. Ain't that something, they say, although one old sailor, sitting in a piece of whittling wood as he leans against Zinder & Co's awning, is not impressed. "Pss, what a racket," he grumbles. The Lunenburg Festival (official name, The Nova Scotia Fisheries Exhibition and Fishermen's Rummage) is under way.

The festival is the high point of Lunenburg's year; it combines a trade fair with a regatta, a parade, and a

wide range of exhibitions, games and contests that pit the best in the province against each other in everything from potato growing and rug hooking to cod fishing and scallop shucking. (A scallop-shucking contest sounds dull, but turns out to be full of suspense and skill, as the shuckers back their way through mountains of mollusks, with one wary eye on the guy at the next booth, and one on the watchman-making scallop knife. A good shucker can open a shell, whittle away the top half with a flick of the wrist, scoop out the scallop and pick up a second shell before the top of the first hits the ground.) There is a beauty contest, naturally, and a mad-dog, there are also lap-dog, dory races that match local crews against the best from Gloucester, Massachusetts (our side always wins), yacht races and even an international schooner trial, recalling the days of the fabulous Bluenose, the Lunenburg vessel that beat the best the Yankees could send against her year after triumphant year. Bluenose, put out to pasture as a cargo vessel, perished on a reef off

## IN THE HEART OF THE HEART OF LUNENBURG

BY WALTER STEWART

The Don Messer Show was never like this. Too bad

/ continued on page 48







## HANDLE WITH CARE

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- HI DIDDLE DAY
- SCHODDLE TELECASTS
- SKIPPY
- BUGS BUNNY



WACZEN/WU FROM PAGE 28

many apprehensive years later, reflects outside his positivity in the autumn of 1917. "His superior had ordered him to preach against the war and he had preached then. . . . But at least his parish here where he stood. He thought of the war and the English with equal bitterness. How could the French Canadians — the only real Canadians — feel loyalty to a people who had conquered and humiliated them and were Protestant anyway? France herself was no better, she had deserted her French Canadians a century and a half ago, had left them in the snow and not along the St. Lawrence surrounded by their enemies, had left murdered her assisted king and turned atheist."

Exactly 50 years later, in public language, Jean Drapeau was to express virtually the same sentiments in his famous address to *Conseil de la Culture* after the *Vive le Québec Libre* speech.

The *Estimé Concile*, though few anglophones ever realized this, depended for its strength on the Vatican's considerations that were at the general assembly of the Universal Church that it should. It was the Vatican that enabled London to get away with the Concession Act of 1957, which was applied in Québec with a significant collocation. Again in 1964, when young French Canadians such as André Lévesque, Jean Drapeau and even Pierre Trudeau, were better opposed to conscription for Ottawa's intervention in north Vietnam. King — though actively not for King's sake. When Pius XII held a high view in St. Peter's for the Royal 22nd Regiment, just after the liberation of Rome, as French Canadians failed to get the message. The *Blue Populists*, which otherwise might have won the provincial election, was *extremely* dismayed. When King's liberalists finally broke their promise never to impose conscription on Québec, all stayed quiet in the province.

Once again, the role of *les Anglois* and the old families of governing Canada seemed to have triumphed. But these two conscription crises were never forgotten by the French Canadian people and the conclusion they drew from them were all too obvious. In any national crisis, the entire formula of Confederation meant that their own needs and wishes would be swept aside by the English-speaking majority.

By coincidence, two *Sokolsky* was first published only six weeks after the second conscription crisis came to a head. Luckily the war ended soon afterward. The book had a good reception in English Canada, and among the French Canadian war poet, Drapeau, as they were missing, the similarity with which it was received was almost embarrassing to a unilingual like myself. Nobody can tell what the influence of any particular book may be, but I have been told after this two decades contributed at least a little to a feeling of greater frankness in English Canada to Québec. But what was to bring the two solitudes closer together were developments of vast evolutionary importance.

During the 15 years between 1945 and 1960, Canada, and Québec with it, became an entirely different kind of country and its old schemes disappeared. The British Empire has dissolved, and though some anglophones subsequently vanished that Washington could take its place they have now discovered how wrong they were in Québec, unless and not deemed publicly, a huge tide of unconsentment set in. During the 1960s all the Filian heads of thousands of Canadians, French and English, were growing sick in never before. Technology was making us cry dwellers, and often were doubling their size, becoming more and more repressed and polluted. But Duplessis ruled Québec with an iron and corrupt hand, and English Canadians were too intent on prosperity to realize what was really happening in the province under the watch of the new Québec.

Then came, however, some French Canadians who saw all too clearly what was happening and what must be done. One was Pierre Trudeau, whose *Cité Libre* speech for a new French-Canadian freedom, based on increased education for a related population. Indeed, almost all the middle-aged French Canadians who now are entering headlines were united in their hostility to Duplessis and the old system in those years. Ironically, and finally to themselves, the Model-railroad business Establishment seemed barely conscious of the ultimate meaning of this vast social change.

Yet it was in these years that Québec was totally revolutionized. First, there emerged a large, affluent, educated, cultured middle class on a scale never seen in Québec before. Secondly, young French Canadians in their thousands were pursuing who the universities, and among the subjects they studied were political science and sociology, with credits barely foreseen. Thirty, hundreds of thousands of poor French Canadian emigrants moved to Montreal from the farms and became a *democratized* population.

In the most brilliant historical nights, Marx declared that the sudden emergence of a large bourgeoisie class in an agrarian-capitalist political system sharpens production revolution. It does. It was a new bourgeoisie that destroyed the foundation of Charles I, that liquidated the 15 colonies from British rule, that destroyed the feudal France of Louis XVI, that unrolled the feudal Rome of Nicholas II.

Nobody should have been surprised by the *establisment* fall by the Parti Québécois in its late-February convention this year when (allowing to be a western's Christian party) it descended to its origins that fewer than 10% of the delegates described themselves as workers, while 20-5% were in such professions as the law and 10-15% were teachers. Their party chairman, Edmond Clément, put it in a nutshell when he confessed, "We are overrepresented in the number of professions who earn more than \$15,000 a year."

In Québec, in the Filian, there was one more revolutionary agent, one which more than any other broke the power of the Church. This was *divorcement* as *divorcement* in the 1960s became *divorcement*.

During the Filian, circumstances in my own life made me so blind as anyone else to what was really going on under the surface of the new Québec. I was extremely poor, my first wife was slowly dying from one brain aneurysm after another, I had no energy left now to work desperately to keep us afloat. It did not even occur to me to guess at the significance in Canada of two deaths at the end of the decade, those of Pope Pius XII and Maurice Duplessis. The one resulted in the election of the liberal, *democratized* John SCHMIDT, the other, after a head-on collision, as the election of Jean Lesage with his *polémique de divorcement*.

Just after Lesage came to power, a young poet from France had dinner with us. On his previous visit to Montreal he had usually met only anglophone Canadians — he spoke perfect English — but this time things had changed in the Université de Montréal and the students had been eager to welcome him. He had spent a week among French-Canadian students and after dinner he said calmly, "You / continued on page 10







**T**he Montreal Forum's for the swells . . . the Expo's Jarry Park is a "happy joint"

[illegible]

Aspirin from the prices (all seats in the half-price front row to third, more than 12,000 of them, are either \$1.50 or five dollars, a part of there is 60 cents, a hamburger 90 cents, coffee 20 cents, the lovely hot dog 40 cents) the Expo management is highly considerate, even imaginative. In celebrating the club's first birthday John Methlie, the president who happened to be attending a meeting in Seattle, was seated just before he retired for the night by an inscription. It was a gift from the club, and it was signed by all 100 members when he telephoned back to Montreal when he telephoned Lou Marsh, then stadium manager at Expo '86.

"Low, are you awake?"  
 "Yah, puh, I'm awake."  
 "Are you sober?"  
 "Yah, I'm sober."  
 "Are you sitting down?"  
 "Sitting down? For crowsies, Iahn,  
 I'm lying down. It's two o'clock in the  
 morning."

"Twenty thousand!" cried Martin, "John, are you sober?"

600 people at the stands, the floodlights went out, the fans lit their candles, and everybody sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Super." And later that night, nearly 5,000 capsules were delivered to Montreal orphanages.

And pair, just before mid-afternoon, the Expos dipped a speculative toe into uncharted waters: they won five straight games at home. By the fourth inning of that fifth game they were ahead 9-0, and a victory seemed certain.

He left his box, found John McHale among the men in pinstriped suits, and said calmly, "I've got me an idea."

McHale, a tall, lean Detroit-born career baseball man of 49 who some observers believed would be appointed the game's commissioner prior to his taking on the top executive job for Greenstein, related with a sly grin that, "You want to give everybody in the ball park a free ticket."

Later, reconstructing the scene in his office, Bonifant said McHale often seems to read his mind. "It's like we were married," he observed.

Anyway, some 17,000 fans were given tickets good for a future game — roughly a \$15,000 payout — and season-ticket holders who already owned future game tickets were also cited as extra cash for a grant.

John Robertson, the large bushy-browed columnist of the *Montreal Star*, attacks the hat ban in the press lounge before a night game.

"This place is a Peter Sellers movie," he says, manhandling roast beef and encrusted potatoes. "Two people from out-of-town get a cab at their hotel, tell the guy they want to go to Expo. The guy brings them here. They come in, look around baffled, and ask where's the Hungarian exhibit. The owner is underplayed. 'Here he is, No. 14, Mary Stabile, our only Hungarian'."

"The people here are different people than you find at the Forum for hockey. It's a hush-hush crowd here, a family crowd, and they get slaughtered with politeness. At the Forum you feel you ought to tipse like it was Buckingham Palace, you get the feeling they figure they're doing you a favor just letting you buy a ticket. Well? Well, let's just say they're glad to see you. The best time to come is a double header on a Sunday afternoon in mid-November. Hill

way through the second game they're full of beer and full of sun and they sing along with the organ. It's a happy song."

The Mayas of the Yucatan Peninsula played ball games before Cortez's arrival in the sixteenth century at Chichen Itza, and a century later at Uxmal, and the ruins of their ball courts are proudly today by all sorts of visitors. Cortez learned of the Mexican ball game from an observation of an Aztec ball game. The Aztecs were an observation of the Aztec ball game. The Aztecs were an observation of the Aztec ball game.

CE Exportsman, Dr. Alastair MacLeod, a psychiatrist and the executive director of the Mental Hygiene Institute in Montreal, says: "I'm not sure of this, quite frankly, but it's conceivable that this is a stimulus device whereby you can let off a lot of ag-

person's threat to such damage to everybody. Like the Mayan leaf game is the temple of the Yacatan, and like the Russian game is a way, the person really come to be in unity with each other, it's a mistake handling of aggression is a way that turns it into competition and enjoyment without such damage. It's the type of thing one can get a great deal of enjoyment out of for a relatively small sum of money, bringing themselves together, and what you see is a group phenomenon: principle of the low-income group.<sup>10</sup>

It is a lovely Sunday and the Expo is knocking the New York Mob. All through the sunny afternoon there is this fun behind the Expo's staged playing his fiddle. Merry, happy tunes, polkas and French folk songs. He swings his shoulders as he sits there in the sun, and his feet pump in time as it makes the bow across the strings. And then in the speedy coming there is a home run and the fiddle leaps farther ahead, and the man with the fiddle pumps to his feet.

stood stoned in the aisle, fully bouncing his bow across the ringing walls. He starts down the aisle, still playing, and everyone turns to watch and to smile and to cry out in laughter, and when he reaches the bottom of the stage he hops onto the roof of the Expo depot and there he stands, doing a happy pp. bending and swooping as he plays.

And what do you suppose happens then? Why, the laughing people all rise to their feet and . . . of course! A standing ovation. ■

OUR HORSES FROM PAGE 33

felt so out of it, I wanted to be the just knight a woman could wish for myself in a medieval romance. I wish it all go by. Later in Kiev, the press was made happy for five minutes because he begged her husband's ability to be a life to ride in his limousine with her. I told, come on, Porra, please," a remark that was translated into the headline, "They're in love!" and another time in Tashkent, while her husband was giving a press conference, she said that she was thirsty and that she thought she'd have a nice drink. The press officers that not even the most unscrupulous could resist, very much indeed.

As a consequence, most of the pre-trip interest in Margo had to be vented on an analysis of her clothes. For the women on the trip, impressions of the USSR may well be forever entangled with the memories of distinguished political commentators rolling up to them in places like the Arseny Mamonov within the Kremlin wall and saying, "Would it be fair to say that what she's wearing is a test-tube made boxed in home?"

The friction over reporting Mrs. Trueman subsided after the first two or three days (as a radio reporter remarked, "What can you say about a 23-year-old girl who got married, anyway?"). But the poets had other, more significant difficulties that were no secret to the journey's end.

The chief of these was the journalists' inability to find out the real significance of what was going on at all times between the Soviet and Canadian athletes. Since he took office, Trudeau has attempted rigorously to curb press activities, but his means of achieving them control only the flow of information from the government to the news. He, or more particularly his aides in collaboration with the KGB, also press office, managed to turn the 40-person press corps into two handfuls of creaking tourists who sought glimpses of the official party only on occasion, in between touring museums, consuming gaspicious meals and party to vodka from given by various officials of the Soviet Union and journalists.

The press was housed in different quarters from the official party, transported in different airplanes as the group paraded around the country, and kept away from official talks and social functions (though photographers, who must seem to the Trotskyists less threatening to the PM's image than what they call the "writing press," were allowed free movement

press, were shown the women shouting him at the beginning of the official Kucinna talks and reared around him when he laid wreaths and

voiced names). Official doctors for the press expressed their sympathy only occasionally, as when a young Entomological Advertiser officer named Steve Krupke bowed up the assembly's program as the foremost authority on the Canadian Embassy at 33 Sturgeswayway Parkside just before a reception was to begin there, and barked: "Now leave yourselves at you would at a party. Form up and go into the garden, the press is not to be allowed inside." It was as though proximity might result in the transference of some important idea more dangerous than flies.

Still, every possible token effort was made to keep the press physically comfortable, or at least quiescent, by the three press vans along at the TMI office who went along as their laptops, teleks and telephone lines to Cincinnati were readily available and eminently clear, sophisticated arrangements were made so that film could be transported promptly from the outposts back to Cincinnati and thence to Cincinnati, and large quantities of liquor were provided in a series of hospitalities which were kept stocked from a movable bar (Every Aerosol take-off was accompanied by the obvious question, "Did we remember to bring the Aerosol?")

What is in short supply was hard information. And there was something riskier poignantly about the sight of skilled political analysts, who'd come to the Soviet Union prepared to write in-depth pieces about Canada's role in the shifting balance of East-West power wandering around filing their notebooks with scribbles about the night. (One reporter's laconic note from Uzbekistan: "Suzerkund — cotton, silk, pavane of a woman. Which was Tamerlane's death.")

There were two official-but-far-from-official banquets given by Muscovites, one full-dress Frimé-Muscovite formal dinner conference at the end of the three days of talks in Moscow and two quieter press conferences, one taking five members in the Tashkent airport and one much more in a light gale on the deck of the *Vishnubank* (Lena) in harbor at Nuremberg, where only the people in the front row of the 10-odd crowd could hear what Trotsky had to say and radio reporters held up their mikes in hope of catching his pithy words on the downwind.

Canadian officials in public and private seemed curiously nervous about making firm interpretations of events — though some of them, notably Marshall Crowe, Ivan Reid and Marc Lalonde, all of the PM's office, worked hard at being helpful — so the guess was left largely / continued on page 38

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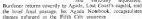
But why Africa? Writers have always drawn on other cultures, of course — Chaucer on France and Italy, Henry James on all of Europe, Malcolm Lowry on Mexico and Canada. Certainly there are times when a developing literature seems to remake the world for models, models and definitions. But why does Africa have such fascination for Canadian novelists these days?

THE  
MYSTERIOUS  
LITERARY  
FONDNESS  
FOR  
DARKEST  
AFRICA

Alfama, on the other hand, is what chiefly happens to Henry Farghamson, the hero of David Knight's magnificently titled *Farghamson's Physique: And What It Did To His Mind* (Mazon). Farghamson is 37, an English professor from Toronto with a "workable wit" and a two-year-old son, comes for a one-year term at the University of Ibadan. Without losing guile or condescension, Farghamson is eager to know Alfama, and his year in Nigeria is more than eventful. It is 1965-66, and Nigeria is beginning to split open.

Indiana offers him notes, confuses, love affairs, new rights, taxes, women, murder and servants and a crisis in his management, and, finally, death. An ironic and workmanlike novel, *Encounter's* *Blues* shares two of my private thoughts:

Though Goffey is a celebrated Canadian nationalist, there are no Canadians in *The New Ancestress*; here Africa takes over entirely. Set in Lost Coast — or, roughly, Ghana — *The New Ancestress* is divided into five parts. The London Notebook introduces the major characters and themes through the voice of Michael Burdner, an English Marxist teacher mistakenly married to an African woman in the second section. Burdner's wife, Ama, solves her marriage, her rejection with her demoralized, impotent mother, the death of her son, her time in the sexual service of Kwanan, the Redner, Ama's brother. Gossard Burdner, a drunken



Conservably the attempt to understand so various and exotic a society helps to define experience for outsiders from a society which has never really defined itself. As we, like the Altruists, face the contradictions of cultures which seem to characterize modernity, we need to unite our politics and our private lives through courage and endurance: the qualities of Mrs. Wood, Henry Farnham and Eric Semach.

*See Common earlier English at the University of New Brunswick*

If you have any opinions you'd like heard, we'll listen and maybe we'll both learn something.

54 MICHAEL HUGHES, LUTHER LUTY

# Break out the frosty bottle



and keep your  
tonics dry!